This Picture represents a heavinly mind
Vnto sublime & gratious thing's inclin'd
Therefore, Forbear on it no longer look.
But fix thine eyes upon his golden Book

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THE PILGRIMS PASS To the New JERUSALEM: OR, The ſerious CHRISTIAN his Enquiries after HEAVEN.

With his Contemplations on himſelf, reflecting on his Happineſs by CREATION, Miſery by SIN, Slavery by SATAN, and Redemption by CHRIST.

Together with Obſervations on the Vanity and Inconſtancy of Worldly Glory.

And Conſiderations on the Saint and Sinner, as to their diſagreeing conditions and diſpoſitions here, their various Entertainments of Death, and different Rewards after Death.

Relating to thoſe four laſt and great things, of *Death, Judgement, Hell,* and *Heaven.*

Seaſonable for theſe Times.

The ſecond Edition corrected and amended.

Phil. 3. 14. *I preſs towards the mark, &c.*
1 Cor. 9. 24. *So run that ye may obtain.*

London, Printed for *Eliz. Andrews,* at the White Lion near *Pye-Corner,* 1663.

To all thoſe that love the Peace of Zion, *and welfare of* Jeruſalem, *Grace and Peace be multiplied.*

FRIENDS,

THe Life of a Chriſtian is not onely ſpeculative but active; (ſpeculation and action (like the Soul and Body) attend each other in performing the Duties of Chriſtianity.) The moſt Wiſe God hath ordered and determined a ſet time for Man upon earth, to fit and prepare himſelf for an everlaſting condition; how then are we all concern'd to redeem that ſhort time we have allowed us, (which we know not how ſoon may be taken from us) to enter into a ſtrict examination of our wayes, knowing that one day all our thoughts, words, and actions (even our moſt

retired and ſecret ſins) ſhall be expoſed to the view both of Men and Angels. O time, one of the moſt glorious things that ever God made, how many bleſſed and glorious Spirits are now in Heaven for making a right uſe of thee? And how many damned Ghoſts are now in Hell for abuſing thee, who would now give a thouſand worlds (had they ſo many to diſpoſe of) for to have that opportunity we now enjoy, to improve thee? For mine own part I am but a young Man, who came into the world but as yeſterday, & e're to morrow (for ought I know) may be taken hence: For how many dayes are allotted me upon Earth, none but the Ancient of days know; wherefore during my continuance in this Tabernacle, I deſire to walk circumſpectly; that when my Lord ſhall come to call me to a reckoning, I may (like a good ſteward) be found faithful of the charge committed

mitted to me. You know his doom, that hid his Talent in a Napkin.

It was in this consideration that I did now put Pen to Paper, and raised my Contemplations above the things of this world, to those of a better, in order to the gaining and attaining a right and title to that glorious, undefiled, and unfading Inheritance, purchased for Believers in the highest Heavens.

Let not any taxe me of Ambition for exposing my Lines to publick view, and my self to open Censure; 'Twas not to get me a Name, but to further the weak Christian in his Approaches towards Heaven. Neither let any contemn the Work of this Author, for the Author of this Work; but remember that God can by weak means perform great matters. Ravens (those unclean Birds by the Law) were Caterers to *Elijah* in his

extremity at the Brook *Cherith*, brought him bread and meat to ſuſtain him, he neither ſcorn'd thoſe ſtrange kinde of Purveyors, or the Viands which they brought, but admired the hand that ſent it. The Gifts and Graces of Gods Spirit are not to be ſlighted where ever found; I ſpeak not this by way of Oſtentation, but with a deſire that my Readers would judiciouſly read, ere they raſhly cenſure; and inſtead of carping at my failings, correct their own; that Love, which covers a multitude of faults, may caſt the favourableſt conſtruction on mine. 'Tis Charity to judge well of others, and Piety to look well to our ſelves. If any thing of worth appear in me more then in the meaneſt perſon upon earth, attribute it to him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. What have we that we have not received?

And let me further requeſt you, that

that after the claſhing of Armor, thunderings of Canons, ſound of Drums, and the alarm of Trumpets, you would (in this your day) enquire after your everlaſting Peace, and conteſt no longer about Niceties, Circumſtances, and Shadows, (not worth contending for) but for that one thing neceſſary, which will reward your labours with no leſs then a Crown.

Our preſent Diviſion is a ſad Omen of our future miſeries, and our happy unity would abundantly faciliate our deſired felicity: I wiſh we did all practice what we all profeſs, Faith and Love; we ſhould all procure what we all deſire, Truth and Peace: were we all united in the Tri-une God, we ſhould not be thus divided one from another. The Lord in his good time compoſe all our Differences, that Malice, Errour, and Debate may return to the curſed Womb, whence

they deriv'd; and all our Strife may end in this, to excell each other in the power of Godlineſs, and Chriſtian Love.

For my Concluſion, let me requeſt you to vouchſafe a ſerious peruſal of this ſmall Manual, and the Lord make it (in ſome meaſure) beneficial to you, (for next the Glory of God, your good is chiefly aimed at by the Author.) And if this finde civil Entertainmant, I ſhall (if God prolong my life, to finiſh what I have begun) preſent you with ſomething elſe. In the mean time accept this, as the earneſt of his Love, who ſubſcribes himſelf.

Your Servant
in our Immanuel,

M. R.

The

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To his Judicious Friend, the Author.

TO praiſe thy Work I need not (though divine)
It is enough I tell the World, 'twas thine;
Good Wine needs not a Buſh, the more I look,
The more I love, the more I like thy Book:
So grave, ſo wiſe in Youth, Nature did place
An Auguſt *in thy Pen,* May *in thy Face.*
Even Momus *muſt confeſs, 'tis ſeldom ſeen*
The Fruit ſo ſweet, ſo ripe, the Tree ſo green.
Many commit a Rape upon the Preſs,
And on their Readers patience do no leſs:
This Tract of thine, ſince Pamphlets ſo abound,
Is like a Jewel in a Dunghil found.
Who goes about thy Work for to commend,
Knows not where to begin, or where to end.
As for my part, (dear Friend) I cannot tell,
Whether Language, Modeſty, or Wit excell:
Go on and proſper ſtill, when time ſhall ſhed
Her ſilver Hairs upon thy aged Head;
Furrowing thy face with wrinkles, we may ſay,
In Years, but not in Wit, thou art grown gray.

A. L. Elq;

To his Ingenious Friend, the Author.

IF when our Corps in ſilent Tombs do reſt,
Our Souls of other Bodies are poſſeſt,
As old Pythagoras did once ſuppoſe;
Thy Breaſt (my Friend) containeth one of thoſe
That, heretofore, was truly thought to be
An Atlas to ſupport Divinity.

Like

Like Aarons *budding Rod, thy Youth appears,*
Bringing forth Almonds in a Spring of years.
This Paradoxmay ſtrike a Momus *muſe,*
Thy Works acutely grave, gravely acute;
Thy Phraſe not circumflex, each golden Line,
Speaks thee both Rhetorician and Divine.
Let not the Reader think the Work leſs rare,
Becauſe he ſees the Authors Chin is bare;
He wants a Beard 'tis true, what though he do?
The God of Wit, Apollo, *doth ſo too,*
Be not diſcourag'd Friend, who ever heard
A Goat was honour'd for his reverend Beard.
Thy blooming Youth doth much advance thy praiſe,
Though thy Chin's bare, we'l cover it with Bayes.

R. W.

To his Friend, the Author.

WHat, ſhall I write, or ſhall I ſilent be?
This makes me bluſh, and that ingrate to thee.
'Tis true as yet, I ne're made any uſe
Of Helicon, Parnaſſus, or a Muſe.
Yet I'le adventure, though my Verſes prove
Their Maſter ignorant they'l ſhew his love.
I care not though the ſnarling Critick know it,
I am a faithful Friend, although no Poet:
I cannot flatter, yet can truly ſay,
I have ſeen a Work far worſe from one more gray.
Great are our expectations, Friend, of thee;
If this thy Spring, what will thy Harveſt be?
Go on my Friend, and let thy fluent Quill
Render thee more admir'd, more famous ſtill:
Whilſt we poor wandring Pilgrims to thee come,
To be directed to our laſting Home.

A. H.

The Author to his Book.

TO ſeek the wandring Pilgrim, thou muſt go
Poor little Book, thy fate will have it ſo:
I pitty thee, for this cenſorious Age
Will cauſe thee have a tedious Pilgrimage.
There's ſome will think thee raſh, others will ſpy
In thee a ſmack of Singularity.
This laughs, and that derides, another ſcorns;
A Wilderneſs is not without its Thorns:
Such is the World, thoſe that will pleaſe the times,
Write fooliſh Pamphlets, or laſcivious Rhimes.
Thy Subject is Divine, thy Errnd is
To guide th' enquiring Sojourner to Bliſs:
Thy Habit's poor and mean, what then, we ſee
That painted Windows leſs tranſparent be.
Thy ſtate, of gorgeous Robe, will not allow
The Pilgrim's cloath'd in gray, and ſo muſt thou.
The Staff thou haſt to lean upon muſt be
The ingenious Readers candid courteſie.
Then go, if thy ſucceſs be not too bad,
I'le ſend thee forth, e're long, far better clad.

Abra-

Abrahams Profeſſion, AND THE Pilgrims Condition: OR, The inquiring Sojourner directed.

A Meditation on *Gen.* 23. 4. *I am a Stranger and a Sojourner among you.*

THis Book of *Geneſis*, (the firſt that ſtands on ſacred Record) contains in it the various and remarkable paſſages of Gods Providence towards the ſons of men. The firſt twelve Chapters preſents us with the Hiſtory of the Worlds Creation, the fall of *Adam*, the deſolation of the ſons of *Adam* by a deluge, the replanting a new World, and the confuſion of Languages. From the twelfth Chapter to the five and twentieth, you have the hiſtory of the Patriarch *Abraham*, whoſe many trials and trou-

troubles ſo chearfully underwent, and ſo patiently endured for God) doth ſufficiently demonſtrate his zeal, and proclaims his praiſes to ſucceeding generations (as a worthy preſident for after ages.) We firſt finde that he was the ſon of *Terah*, and what *Terah* was, and where he lived, is ſoon found, and as eaſily determined. *Terah* was a ſtranger to the true God, and a ſerver of ſtrange Gods, (Idols and no God) gods made with hands, even the Gods of the Nations, and he lived on the other ſide of *Jordan*, where *Abrahams* God was neither worſhipt nor known: *Abraham* the ſon of ſuch a Father, of ſuch an idolatrous Family and Nation, is ſummoned by the moſt high God (as yet unknown to *Abraham*) to leave his Country, Kindred, and Fathers houſe, to go into a Land that he would ſhew him. This was a ſtrange kinde of injunction, what? to leave his Fathers houſe, his near relations, and his dear Countrey, to wait upon the commands of a God, whom neither himſelf or his Father ever knew, to go into a voluntary exile, he knew not whither, (and for he knew not what!) *Ulyſſes* thought it his greateſt miſery to be baniſht his native

tive ſoil, and thought all airs odious but that in which he firſt breathed. The *Perſians* were better pleaſed with beholding the ſmoak of their own chimneys, then with the greateſt honors of forreign Countreys; yet *Abraham* readily forſakes all for God, and chearfully attends his commands, (though he knew neither the aim or end of his Journey) he ſtood not to diſpute the caſe with God, but conform'd himſelf to the will of God, (and ſteered his courſe by the Card of his directions; ſo to the Land of *Canaan* (in the courſe of his obedience) at laſt he comes; (that Land flowing with milk and honey, (after for his faithfulneſs) was the inheritance of his ſeed.) From thence he paſſes into *Egypt*, and no ſooner is he arrived there, but his Wives beauty occaſions his diſcontent; the King of *Egypt* takes her from him: ſhe is no ſooner reſtored him, but forth of *Egypt* he goes, and now another miſchance befalls him. The encreaſe of his flocks occaſion a difference 'twixt himſelf and his Kinſman *Lot*, (or rather 'twixt their Herdſmen) but having wiſely and happily made up this breach, and *Lot* no ſooner ſettled in the fertile Plains

of

of *Sodom*, but is taken priſoner by the Kings of *Elam*, *Shinar*, *Ellaſar*, and *Tidal* King of Nations. And now *Abraham* is as much perplext about his Cozens reſcue, as he was before in compoſing the difference 'twixt their Herdſmen: Well having waded through this difficulty alſo, and though a rich man, and now at peace, ſomething is yet wanting to crown his wealth; his Wife *Sarah*, (though fair) is barren, and he thinks God deals very hardly with him in denying him a Son to poſſeſs that after him, which by Gods providence and his own diligence he had brought together. At laſt (in part to gratifie his deſires) God gives him a Son, but ſuch a one as the Jews define him, a Son and no Son, an *Iſhmael* not an *Iſaac*; not the promiſed Son, not he in whom all the Nations of the World ſhould be bleſſed. At laſt he hath an *Iſaac*; but that he might not want a continual ſupply of croſſes to try his faith, and exerciſe his patience, his Son *Iſaac* (ſo long promiſed, and with ſuch long expectation deſired) muſt dye, and a violent and cruel death muſt put a period to his new life: to the further aggravation of the circumſtances,

Abra-

Abrahams hands muſt execute him, and ſhew himſelf not a Father but a Murderer; and no ſooner had *God* prepared a Ram for *Iſaacs* reſcue, but *Abraham* muſt baniſh *Hagar* and his Son *Iſhmael*; and no ſooner is this over, and the tears wipt from his eyes, but behold a greater miſchance (like *Jobs* meſſengers) comes in the neck of it; his beloved *Sarah* dyes in *Hebron*, in the land of *Canaan*, in the hundred and twenty ſeventh year of her age, whereupon *Abraham* with his heart full of grief, and his eyes full of tears, makes his apology to the Sons of *Heth*, for a burying-place for *Sarah*; and that he might the better ſpeed in this his ſo reaſonable and ſeaſonable requeſt, he ſuits his expreſſions in the garb of the Text; *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner among you; Give me a poſſeſſion of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of my ſight.*

I could take this Scripture by the four corners (like that ſheet that was let down to St. *Peter*) and preſent you with a fourfold diſcourſe, of Death, of Tears, of Pilgrimage, and the Grave: firſt of death, *and Sarah dyed.* Secondly, of tears, *And Abraham wept for Sarah.* Thirdly, of Pilgri-

grimage, here's *Abraham* unfolding his condition. Fourthly, of the Grave, here is *Abraham* purchaſing a Grave for *Sarah*, which is the Pilgrims Manſion, or the houſe of Death: but I ſhall ſingle out one of theſe, and onely keep to that, *viz.* *Abrahams* Profeſſion, as being moſt ſuitable to my condition, and all of yours, (the Readers) *I am a ſtranger and a Sojourner among you.* But was this language for *Abraham* when treating with the *Hittites* for *Sarahs* Grave, to diſcourſe of his own mortality, or what is this his profeſſion of his own condition to the obtaining his requeſt of them? had it not been more proper for him to have ſet forth himſelf in the equipage of a Prince, then in ſo low a form, as that of a Pilgrim, as being moſt ſuitable for ſo great a perſon. Mean men ſeldom crave when they have money in their hands to buy; and great men are apt to command: how comes it then to paſs that ſo eminent a perſon as *Abraham* ſhrouds himſelf under ſo low a ſtile as that of a Sojourner?

Is not this that *Abraham* that was the ſon of *Terah*, the brother of *Nahor*, the Father of the faithful, and the Friend of God;

God; that was famous for many excellent graces that ſhined in him? he was famous for his faith, famous for his hope, and famous for his charity.

Firſt, he was famous for his Faith, in obeying the Commands of a God, then ſtrange to him, and leaving his Fathers houſe to wander in a ſtrange Land, and expoſe himſelf to all the hazzards and hardſhips, as uſually attend ſuch Journeys; and to go ſo far out of his own knowledge to a Countrey unknown both to himſelf and his Fathers. Again, he was famous for his Faith, in not miſtruſting Gods Omnipotency, in that he did ſtedfaſtly believe that God was able to quicken *Sarahs* dead Womb, to bring him a Son in his old age; and when God ſent him that Son, ſo long deſired, expected, and prayed for, to be the hope of Nations, out of whoſe loins (according to the fleſh) the Savionr of the World was to proceed; and when God commanded him to take this Son, (*Abrahams* Joy, and *Sarahs* Jewel, conceived beyond nature, and born to do great things) and with his own hands to butcher him. Here was the trial of *Abrahams* Faith, and an injunction

above

above the grant of nature; had it been but an ordinary private perſon, whoſe birth had not been attended with ſo many remarkable Promiſes and Propheſies, yet even in this, to one that had both Promiſes and Propheſies of future happineſs, *Abrahams* obedience ecchoes to Gods Commands, though 'twere to fruſtrate and make void thoſe former predictions: *Abraham* was confident that if God ſhould take this from him, he was able to raiſe him another out of his aſhes. Poſterity may admire his faithfulneſs, but not parallel it.

Secondly, he was famous for his Hope, in that he was aſſuredly confident that not one Word from God ſhould fall to the ground unaccompliſht, but that he would make good all thoſe gracious promiſes he had made; that he ſhould be Lord of that famous and flouriſhing Country the Land of *Canaan*, and that his ſeed ſhould poſſeſs it; and that in them ſhould all the nations of the world be bleſſed.

Thirdly, famous for his Charity; firſt, to his ſervants in general: *I know* (ſaith God) *that Abraham will inſtruct his ſervants, &c.* Famous for his love to one, in that he intended to make him heir of his houſe;

houſe; famous for his love to *Hagar*, in that he parted not with her without tears, though he had Gods approbation for her baniſhment: famous for his love to his Nephew *Lot*, in that he would not admit of any diſcord 'twixt their herdſmen, and hazarded his life to reſcue him out of the hands of thoſe triumphant Kings that took him captive: famous for his love to his Son *Iſhmael*, in praying ſo cordially for him; *Oh that Iſhmael might live in thy ſight*: famous for his love to his Sons by *Keturah*, in giving them their portions when he ſent them away: famous for his love to his Son *Iſaac*, in making him heir of all his wealth: Laſtly, famous for his love to his Wife *Sarah*, (for his reſpect to her living, and that living affection to her memory which out-liv'd her) as appears by the religious care he had to purchaſe her a Grave, (in that Countrey which their poſterity were after to be Lords of) which as he would not without coſt, ſo he could not treat of it without tears. Then *Abraham* ſtood up from before his dead, (where he had been weeping) and requeſted the Sons of *Heth* to ſell him a burying-place, that he might

bury his dead out of his ſight: he was famous for his uprightneſs, in that he would not take to the value of a ſhooe-latche from thoſe heathen Kings, whoſe perſons and all they had, were at his diſpoſal, as the ſpoil of war: Famous for his near and dear Communion with God, in that he talkt familiarly with him as a man with his friend. In a word, he was a man ſo famous, that before him the world had not his fellow, nor hath it ſince ſcarce produc't his parallel; yet in courting the Sons of *Heth*, he ſets forth himſelf in no other language then this, *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner among you.*

Hence we are to obſerve, that here the beſt of men are but Pilgrims; the truth of which the Scriptures doth abundantly confirm: witneſs old *Jacob*, who being brought into King *Pharaohs* preſence, makes an ingenious confeſſion; Few and evil have been the dayes of thy ſervants Pilgrimage, and have not attained to the dayes of my Fathers in their Pilgrimage, (ſo his Fathers were Pilgrims as well as he.) *Job* cryes out, that his dayes are ſwifter then the ſwifteſt creatures; either in the Earth, Air or Sea, then an Eagle, Poſte,

Poſte, or ſhip; and tells us, *that man that is born of a woman is of few dayes, and full of trouble.* A life no leſs ſhort then painful, ſhort enough, for 'tis meaſured out not by weeks, moneths, or years, but dayes, and miſerable too; for 'tis as natural for frail mortals to be ſufferers, as for ſparks to flye upwards. And *David* being ready to take his laſt farewel of this world, ſaith, I go the way of all earth; intimating that all men, as well as he, were to paſs through the gates of death; expreſſing the condition of his Fathers to be nothing different from his; *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner with thee, as all my fathers were.* *Iſaiah* proclaims all fleſh to be graſs, and their glory as fading, as the flower of the field: and this great Patriarch in the text, *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner among you.*

Hence we may further obſerve, that the Saints of God in all ages (being throughly poſſeſt of their own mortality) have ever entertained the meaneſt thoughts of themſelves; *Abraham* ſtiles himſelf duſt and aſhes; *Jacob* tearms himſelf leſs then the leaſt of Gods bleſſings; *David*, a worm and no man; and the ſon of *David* expreſſeth himſelf low enough, or beneath him-

himſelf, (as ſome think, for many in thes
dayes deride and ſcorn the title) I th
Preacher was King in *Jeruſalem.* *Iſaia*
a man of polluted lips; *Jeremiah* a childe
and the great Doctor of the Gentiles, th
leaſt of the Apoſtles.

How hard a leſſon is this to learn, Hu
mility is a grace contrary to moſt men
humors, out of faſhion, or at leaſt requeſt
in theſe times; for now moſt men offe
that violence to modeſty, as to make thei
tongues the trumpets of their own praiſe
(though they have none to brag of.) He i
no body that cannot ſet forth himſel
without anothers help, and on occaſion
ſmooth up others too with titles above
their deſervings. When King *Joſiah* paſ
by the grave of that Old Prophet, he de
manded what Inſcription that was; and
may not we be as well ſtartled at the in
ſcribing and attributing high titles to po
pular greatneſs (beyond the lines, either
of civility to tender, or humility to ac
cept) which argues the givers folly, and
the receivers pride. Young *Elihu* was o
a better minde, he would not give high
titles to any, leſt his maker in fury ſhoul
ſnatch him away, *Job* 32. 22.

Thu

Thus having ſhewed what we are, (that we are all Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth) I now come to ſhew what we are to do, and in order to the making our Pilgrimage happy, and ſafely to arrive at the bleſſed home, as will make thoſe eternally ſo that reach it; be pleaſed to take notice of theſe five directions.

Firſt, to be mindeful of your home.

Secondly, choſe the beſt guides.

Thirdly, ſet out betimes, and hold out to the end.

Fourthly, ſort your ſelves with the beſt company.

Laſtly, I adviſe you as *Joſeph* did his Brethren:

Take heed that ye fall not out by the way.

To the firſt, Travellers uſe not to ſtand gazing or loitering on the way, or to be drawn aſide to behold Novelties; they riſe up early and come to their Inne late, and travel hard to get home-wards; nor are they ſatisfied till they reach it. And ſhall not we that are Chriſtians (upon a better account) be as mindeful of our home; it being ſuch a home, that as far tranſcends the ſtatelieſt habitation here, as the higheſt heavens doth the low-

eſt earth; ſuch a home as the quickeſt and ſharpeſt eye would be dazled with beholding but a Glimpſe of its glory, and the eloquenteſt tongue or pen (that ever was) comes infinitely ſhort to deſcribe it. The great Apoſtle (who had once a view of that glory) comes ſomething near in deſcribing it, (but 'tis in the negative, what 'tis not, not what 'tis:) for (ſaith he) Eye hath ſeen, nor ear heard, or the capacity of man apprehend the ſplendor of it. 'Tis ſuch a home as all the Patriarchs, Prophets and Saints of God in all ages have left all to enquire after. This was the City to come, which they had ever in their eye, and wandred about in Sheepsskins and Goat-skins, deſtitute, afflicted, and tormented to finde out. 'Tis ſuch a home where you ſhall never be troubled with any loathed ſociety, and your beloved company ſhall never be taken from you. No ſtrugling of enemies there; no *David* and *Iſhboſheth* to contend for one Crown; for none but Conquerours; all heads ſhall be adorn'd with Crowns of Glory, ſuch as never incircled the Temples of any earthly Monarch. 'Tis ſuch a home, where Satan, nor any of his inſtruments ſhall be ever able to moleſt

leſt; no ſiding or taking of parts there; no Schiſms or Diviſions; no room for Make-bates there: What ſhould ſuch Salamanders do in Heaven? there's a fitter place prepared for ſuch hot ſpirits, (and 'twere well for them if one heat would extinguiſh another) for fire and brimſtone muſt be the portion of their cup. This place is onely for friends to dwell together in unity, and none admitted here, but thoſe that live in peace; here muſt be no ſpirit of Contradiction, no diſſenting Brethren, no Non-conformiſts there, but an unanimous conformity in all; becauſe that here is the God of Peace, and the Peace of God which paſſeth all underſtanding. 'Tis ſuch a home, where you ſhall forthwith behold and enjoy the glorious beatifical Viſion, and be eternally unriddling that Myſtery which Mortality could never reach to, nor Reaſon apprehend, the Tri-une God, the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity. There you ſhall ſee the Lamb with his train of Attendants, Cherubims, Seraphims, Principalities, Powers, Thrones, Dominions, Archangels, and Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, and Confeſſours, crying, *Holy, holy, holy Lord*

God of Sabbath: And there ſhall thoſe good Angels which were your Guardians upon earth, be your everlaſting Companions in Heaven. (In a word) 'tis ſuch a home where you ſhall be made perfectly happy; Time ſhall not ruſt or diminiſh your glory, nor adverſity with her frowns, ever approach near thoſe Manſions; for you ſhall be ever in the Sunſhine of Gods favour, and your happineſs as everlaſting as his that made it.

Oh! did we but all conſider the ſhortneſs of the ſweeteſt pleaſure here, in compariſon of thoſe endleſs and eternal joyes that the Saints ſhall there partake of, and the ſhortneſs and ſmallneſs of the longeſt and greateſt miſery or torture that can be endured here, to the Worm that never dyes, to the fire that is never quencht, to thoſe everlaſting torments that ſhall in full viols be poured upon the wicked in Hell for ever; we ſhould think leſs of this World, and more to be happy in a better. And this brings me from the firſt particular obſervable, to the ſecond. From being mindeful of our home, to our choice of Guides to conduct us thither.

Chuſe the beſt Guides.

Theſe

These Guides are in the Old Testament called Seers, in the New Overseers; and these are they whom God hath appointed to lead us the way to that home, to which many Saints are already gone in Soul, and many more shall in Gods due time arrive, and be fully glorified both in soul and body. These Seers or Overseers are those that open the Scriptures, and make plain the way of the Lord, and cause his paths to be known to the sons of men; they are also (for their Dignity) term'd Ambassadours of Christ, Christs Stewards, Publishers of glad Tidings, Proclaimers of Salvation, Fellow-workers together with Christ, and Ministers of the Gospel. These God hath set up as lights, that by their soundness of Doctrine and Integrity of life, many souls may be recalled from darkness unto his marvellous light: they are Cities set upon a Hill for men to see, and Candles lighted upon Candlesticks to light the Traveller the way; and these (by their Eminency) are (or at least ought to be) Men of excellent Qualifications, and rare Endowments; (Angelical Persons, Men made up of Heaveh) and if we take such

for our guides: we need not fear crooked paths, but may be confident of our way. But becauſe all is not Gold that gliſters, nor all ſuch as they ſeem, it behoves us to be very cautious in the choice of our guides; for if the blinde lead the blinde, whither will they go? The way to Hell is broad and eaſily found, 'tis a pleaſant way beſet with Roſes, able to entice the fooliſh Traveller, who is ignorant that it leads to death. And on the contrary, the way to Heaven ſeems to fleſh and blood very uncomfortable; a narrow, ſharp, ſteep, and unpleaſant way, very intricate, long, tedious, troubleſome and hard to finde; in which many a paſſenger hath ſtumbled, and many a blinde guide loſt his way. But that we may be warned by others harms, and reach that which they fell ſhort of; let's bear with the ſharpneſs of the way, and be encouraged by the happineſs of the end. The advice of a late ingenious Authour, to this purpoſe, is worthy your obſervation. Regard not (ſaith he) how difficult the paſſage is, but whither it tends; nor how delicate the journey is, but where it ends. if it be eaſie, ſuſpect it; if hard, endure it. He that can-

cannot excuſe a bad way, accuſeth his own ſloth; and he that ſticks in a bad paſſage, can never attain a good journeys end. It cannot be denied, but that many a paſſenger hath ſuffered by bad guides, ſuch as have let them go out of their way, and made them believe the pleaſanteſt way was the beſt and the poor Traveller not ſenſible of the miſtake, till it hath been too late to talk of returning. But of ſuch we are cautioned to beware; and though they ſpeak never ſo ſmoothly, *This is the way, walk in it*, we are to turn our deaf ear to the erring Charms of ſuch blinde guides and witleſs Counſellors. And this brings me from the ſecond particular obſervable, to the third; from the choice of our guides, to our haſte in ſetting out, and perſeverance in our courſe.

Set out betimes, and hold out to the end.

As this Exhortation is two-fold, ſo ſhall be my diſcourſe upon it. I ſhall in the firſt place apply my ſelf to young men, who (like my ſelf) are but newly riſen, or ſcarce ſet out. And in the next, humbly addreſs my ſelf to aged perſons, who are (or at leaſt ought to be) near their journeys end.

And firſt to young men, let me requeſt

you to make God and Heaven the conſtant objects of your thoughts; the one of your fear, the other of your love; ſo walk that ye diſpleaſe not the one, and yet need not fear the attaining of the other. Are you ſetting out, loſe no time, remember that many have ſquandered away the morning, and have not reacht their journeyes end e're night; and with thoſe fooliſh Virgins for their tardineſs, have been excommunicated that place of repoſe, where the early Traveller ſafely and in good time arriv'd. An hour in the morning (you know) is worth two at night; and God is better pleaſed with young Zeal then decreped Holineſs. *Joſias* forwardneſs makes him renown'd to poſterity, and young *Timothy's* Piety eternizes his name to future generations. Are you on your way, perſevere in your Chriſtian Courſe, and think upon the end whilſt ye are at the beginnings, (and even now upon the race, have an eye to the recompence) ſo ſhall the ſplendid glory of the one facilitate the irkſome tediouſneſs of the other. Every true Chriſtian (ſaith a learned Writer) is a Traveller: His Life, his walk; Chriſt his way, and Heaven

Heaven his home; his walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. Let's not therefore loiter, lest we come short of home; nor wander, lest we come wide of home; but be content to travel hard, and to be sure to walk aright, so shall our safe way finde its end at home, and our painful walk, make our home welcome. We are all concerned to make our best use of time, lest (too late) we lament the abuse of it; yesterday cannot be recalled, to morrow cannot be assured, to day therefore is one'y ours, which if we slight, we lose; which lost, is lost for ever. Young men, remember this, I mean you whose bodies are strong and healthful, not beset with any sickness, or besieg'd with any diseases, nor loaded with those common infirmities incident to old age; consider that you know not how short your time is, your Sun (for any thing you know) may go down in the morning, and your night may fall e're noon. Therefore be early up, and earnest on your way towards home; that if death shall snatch you away in a moment, it may be, onely to waft you to happiness, whilst ye are inquiring after it. *David* rose up early in

the morning and was earneſt in his enquiries after this *Jeruſalem*, he long'd after it, panted for it, and perpetually did he (during his tedious Pilgrimage in *Meſech*) lift up his hands, with his ſoul, towards it. The Father of the faithful roſe up early too, and did chearfully ſet out and held out to the end, as all thoſe muſt do that hope to reach his boſom. I'le now leave the young man on his march, and after a good beginning expect a perſeverance in well doing, and a happy concluſion: And now come and direct my ſpeech to the Ancients, even to you whoſe decreped bodies ſignifie your night at hand, when you ſhall lie down in the duſt, and reſt in oblivion, till the laſt Trumpet ſhall ſummon you before that dreadful Tribunal. Let me humbly requeſt you now to be inquiſitive after the other world; have you trifled away the morning of your day, and all this while not put one foot forward on your Journey for Heaven? Let me acquaint you, that it may not now be too late, if you defer no longer; remember, there were ſome called at the third hour, as well as at the firſt; and labourers entertained in the evening, that
wer-

were rewarded with thoſe that came in the morning. Are you on your way, go chearfully along, and you may yet finiſh the work of the day e're the approaches of the night; wherefore be not weary of well doing, but remember that the end crowns the work; and he onely the gainer who endures to the end. How many have ſet out betimes, and made a promiſing beginning, that have fainted on their journey, and fallen ſhort of Heaven; that which hath a Diadem in the end, may well admit ſome bitterneſs in the beginning. Let therefore the worth of the Reward promp you in your greateſt difficulties to undergo all with patience; who would not do much for ſuch a crown, and what will not ſome do for a worſe?

In Races, all preſs towards the mark, but the foremoſt onely wins the Prize. Not ſo here; here's a reward for every one that deſerves it, a prize for more then the foremoſt; not onely he that runs ſwifteſt and is ſooneſt there, but every one that runs well, (though he comes behinde) ſhall have ſomething. My advice to you is, that you would ſo prepare your ſelves in the evening of your day, for the approaches

proaches of your night, that all things being ready for a change, you may count death to conveigh you from the work to the reward. And it may not unfitly be ſaid of you as of that glorious courſer of Heaven, *The Sun knoweth his going down*: and your ſetting here may but make you rebound to ſhine more glorious in a higher Sphere. And this brings me from the third particular obſervable, to the fourth; from our haſte in ſetting out and perſeverance in our walk, to the choice of our Comrades to accompany us in our Journey.

Sort your ſelves with the beſt company.

Remember thou art a Kings Son, (ſaid *Mindemus* to his Pupil) ſo ſay I to thee, Chriſtian Reader, thou art ſon to a greater King then *Mindemus* was, and wilt thou undervalue thy ſelf with baſe company? ſhall one ſo nearly allyed to the Prince of Light, be a companion for a brat of darkneſs; an heir of Heaven, for a firebrand of Hell; the ſon of a King, for the ſlave of a Devil. It may be gueſt by the company we keep to whom we belong; for birds of a feather will flock together (ſayes our common Proverb.) 'Tis moſt

moſt certain that nothing of good can be gained by bad company; and to ſhun the workers of evil, is the way to decline an evil work; for we are apt to be drawn more by example then precept, and to imitate thoſe we have moſt converſe with (be it to good or evil;) better therefore to have no company at all, then not have good. I had rather go to Heaven alone then to Hell with company. How then are we all concern'd to make choice of ſuch religious conſorts, as by their Heaven-like converſations may draw us to a trade of godlineſs, ſuch as may be thought fit (by the moſt wiſe God) to be both our companions upon earth, and with us to be admitted Denizons of Heaven. To keep company with our betters, is the way to improve our ſelves; for as a late Authour wittily obſerves, that to be beſt in the company, is the way to grow worſe; and the beſt means to grow better, is to be the worſt there. If therefore you have choſen ſuch, endear your ſelves each to other; for there's no ſuch friend to a tedious journey as a good companion; and let your ſouls be (as it were) linkt in the bonds of true friendſhip, that

as *David* and *Jonathan*, ye may be lovely in your lives, and in your deaths may not be divided. And like the ſame *David* ye may bid defiance to the works and workers of iniquity, with a depart from me ye wicked; ſo ſhall ye clearly quit your ſelves from the number of thoſe that ſhall at the laſt day be terrified with that direful excommunication of the great Judge. Depart from me, for I know you not. And this brings me from the fourth particular obſervable, to the fifth; from the choice of our company, to our deportment in our journey.

Take heed that ye fall not out by the way.

For brethren and fellow ſojourners to diſagree is againſt the rules both of Piety and Policy; ſmall harmony nor delight in that journey where travellers do jangle. When two *Iſraelites* fell at variance, *Moſes* a ſpectator of the diſcord, uſeth no other argumeuts of perſwaſion to compoſe and appeaſe the differeece, then this, *Sirs, ye are brethren*; intimating that 'twas not for brethren to wrong one another. The Father of the Faithful, how tender was he in preſerving friendſhip with his Nephew *Lot*: *Let there be no ſtrife betwixt*

twixt me and thee, for we are Brethren. What manner of men were thoſe whom ye ſlew at *Tabor*, (ſaid *Gideon* to *Zeba* and *Zalmunna*) Oh! they were my Brethren. *Oh! had you favoured them, I ſhould have ſpared you. For my Brethren and Companions ſake*, (ſaith *David*) *I will wiſh thee proſperity.* 'Tis for enemies to fall out, not for ſuch near and dear Allies to diſagree; they muſt hold together, live together, and walk together in love, as being related in an higher and nobler ſenſe then that of Nature; being Fellows of one family, Sons of one Father, Children of one Mother, Stones of one building, Branches of one Vine, Sheep of one Fold, Members of one Body, and Profeſſors of one Truth, Made by one God, Redeemed by one Jeſus, and Sanctified by one Holy Ghoſt: one would think theſe tyes enough to debar diviſion from among ſuch Friends. *Eſops* bundle of Cudgels in the Fable are very remarkable; whilſt they were all faſt bound up with a band, they were ſecure either from cracking or bending; but when once divided by one and one, eaſily ſnapt aſunder. Whileſt we are all under the bond of peace, we are ſecured by Gods protecti-

on;

on; but when once divided, at the Devils mercy. Whilſt we hold together, we need not fear treating an enemy in the Gate, but when once broke aſunder with diſtractions, a prey to them that hate us. Remember that *Joab* and *Abiſhai*'s united ſtrength, put the *Syrians* and *Ammonites* to flight; conſider that ye have Enemies enow abroad, ye need not ſeek any ſo near home. Make not thoſe the objects of your malice that ſhould be the bulwarks of your defence againſt the impetuous ſtorms and batteries of an enſnaring world, a bewitching fleſh, and an envious Devil, *&c.* Know that there's unity amongſt wicked men (for they hold together againſt the righteous.) *Simeon* and *Levi* are Brethren in evil, and ſhall we be at odds? Nothing can be done well that's not done in unity; that's not well done that's done through diſſention. The Apoſtle tells us, That love is the fulfilling of the Law; how then can the Law be fulfilled without love. Thoſe bleſſed Angels who welcomed the new Born Saviour into the world with a Song, did in a ſhort Sentence expreſſe both Tables: They ſang, *Glory to God on High, Good*

will to men. Peace on Earth makes joy in Heaven, and thoſe that will not embrace peace on earth, ſhall have nothing to do with the God of Peace, or the Peace of God in Heaven. You know what our Saviour ſaid to his Diſciples, *By this ſhall men know that ye* have an intereſt in me, *if ye love one another.* If ever therefore ye expect to end in peace, or have peace in the end, be peaceable in your Pilgrimage, ſo ſhall ye in good time arrive at your journeys end, and be no longer Strangers abroad, but Kings at home.

The

The Yong Mans Monitor
AND
Old Mans Admoniſher.

A Meditation on Eccleſ. 12. 1.

THis golden Book of *Eccleſiaſtes* wa
penn'd by the wiſeſt King upon h
repentance; and may be fitly ſtil'd, Kin
Solomons Recantation, which he wro
after he roſe from that fall occaſione
through his inordinate love of ſtrange wo
men; and after he had with all his Wi
dom found out the true Natures of a
things here below, then this wiſeſt o
Kings wrote this Book; in the Fron
whereof he gives us a brief, but fu
deſcription of all the Glory and Ple
ſures of this World: *Vanity of Vanitie
(ſaith the Preacher) all is Vanity. Sai
the Preacher*; (ſomething muſt be ſaid t
that) *Solomon* the Son of *David*, the rich
eſt, wiſeſt, and mightieſt Monarch (th
the

then reign'd) vouchſafes to take upon him the title of Preacher; though the Preacher in theſe dayes muſt not think much of the worſt of titles, (but no more of that.)

Solomon having thus truly weighed all the pomps and greatneſs of this world in the ballance of his underſtanding, and finding them too light to give ſatisfaction to the enjoyers thereof, in the end of this Book he gives a Heavenly Exhortation, tending to the attainment of that true felicity, as will make thoſe eternally happy that reach it. *Fear God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.* And for our better direction to keep Gods Commandments, this laſt Chapter is uſher'd in, with a moſt excellent, wholeſome, and ſeaſonable Exhortation; *Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth.*

Before I proceed further, here muſt one Objection be remov'd. Some may perhaps queſtion the Preacher, why he did not as well ſay, Remember thy Creator in thy old age, as in the dayes of thy youth?

I anſwer, This *Memento* is chiefly given to Young Men, becauſe they take the great-

greateſt liberty to wallow in all kinde
ſenſual pleaſures, and with the great
eagerneſs to purſue the deceiving vanit
of this world; for now are their ve
full of blood, and their bones full of m
row, and Repentance ſeems as unſeaſo
able to them as Snow in Summer, or Ra
in Harveſt. Is not our youth (ſay the
given us to glut our ſelves with all kin
of pleaſures, and to walk in the wayes
our own hearts? Shall I then (ſayes o
grieve in my prime, and repent for
crimes to haſten old age, and make
ſmooth face full of wrinkles, and bri
gray hairs on my head, e're I am an
man; old age will faſten on me ſo
enough without all this: let me therefo
make hay while the ſun ſhines, and ma
the beſt uſe of my time I can, to the
moſt improvement of Pleaſures; a
when I am growne ſo old as to be p
uſing them, I'le caſt them off and think
repentance and another world, when
not poſſible to ſtay long in this. Th
are the Common Pleas of Youth, a
therefore the Preacher looking up
them as the furtheſt from inſtruction, a
to ſtand in the greateſt need of advi
dire

directeth his ſpeech in a moſt eſpeciall manner to them, *Remember now, &c.* Young men have no more a leaſe of their lives then aged perſons, and there doth as many of them go to the grave as of older perſons.

Death arreſts ſome in their Cradles, and many in their Infancy, Childehood, and Youth. The dayes of man upon earth are but a ſhadow; no certainty of any thing as of death, and nothing more uncertain, then the time when, and the maner how. Come hither then thou darling of the world, thou great favourite of fleſh and blood; thou whoſe Honours (here) are as blooming as the Lillies and Roſes in thy youthful cheeks; know Image, that though thy Head be of Gold, thy Body of Silver, thy Feet are but of Clay. If thou walkſt into the fields in the forward time of the year, thou canſt not be unfurniſht of lively Emblems of thy own Mortality; how do the Lilly, the Roſe, the Cowſlip, and the Gillyflower bemantle the earth, as ſo many ſtars to repreſent Heavens glorious tapeſtry; upon ſight whereof you may eaſily be convinc't to believe: *That Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of theſe,*

theſe: And yet how ſubject are they t
fading; pluck them, and they are ſtub
born; (ſoon cropt aſſunder) ſmell them
and they wither; and if the winde bu
blows over them, they are gone and b
no more. And is it not ſo with thee
doth not St. *James* compare our life to
vapour, (and that's but ſhort.) *David* t
a ſpan, a thought, a tale, (and thoſe no
long.) *Iſaiah* to graſs, and the flower o
the field, (and thoſe you ſee not laſting.)
But of all the ſacred Limners in holy Scri
pture, I finde *Jobs* Pencil to be the free
in pourtraying man: to ſtubble, and tha
not ſtanding neither; to a leaf, and tha
not faſt, but ſhaken; and to a weaver
ſhuttle, and many other ſuch tranſient re
ſemblances.

He came ſomething near the drawin
man to the life, who compared this life t
a ſpot between two Eternities; the tim
paſt being dead, the future unborn, an
onely the narrow compaſs of the preſen
all that man can challenge. We kno
not how ſoon Death may overtake us
when we are ſent into the World, th
greateſt part of our errand is to dye, an
the onely buſineſs of our life to prepa
ſo

for death. We are not certain to be Maſters of one minute of time; when we begin to breathe, the next moment may be our laſt. How many have lien down to take a healthful ſleep, that have wak't in another world: Death (ſaith a learned man) lies in wait for us in all places, and there's no eſcaping his tyranny. Death borders upon our Births, and our Cradles ſtand in our Graves. How many have we ſeen carried from the Womb to the Tomb, from the Birth to the Burial; and what a ſhort cut hath the longeſt liver from the Grave of the Womb, to the Womb of the Grave. Ever ſince the fall of our firſt Father, Death hath ranged through the world, and made a general ſlaughter of Mankinde, (ſparing none.) The moſt eloquenteſt Oratour that ever was, could never charm him; nor the potenteſt Monarch that ever breathed, could never bribe him; the greateſt Warriour that ever was, death hath civilized; and made a green turf, or weather-beaten ſtone, cover that body, that living, a Lordſhip could not cloathe, or the world contain: the moſt famous perſons that ever the world enjoyed, hath death laid at his feet,

feet, without regard either to Worth, Dignity, Majesty, Youth or Age, Sex or Condition; he favours not the best, nor spares the worst. *Sampson* with all his strength, *Absalom* with all his beauty, *Josiah* with all his zeal, *David* with his conquests, and *Solomon* with his glory; *Crœsus* with his wealth, and *Irus* with his poverty; *Lazarus* with his boyles, and *Dives* with his bravery; the Beggar with his rags, and the Courtier with his robes; all come under the rugged embraces of this grim Serjeant. He spared not Innocency it self, but had the confidence to look the Son of the Highest in the face, arrests him, and keeps him three dayes his prisoner in the Grave. The mortal Sythe is master of the Royal Scepter, and it mows down the lillies of the crown, as well as the grass of the field; death uses no civility to Princes more then Peasants; he findes them out in their Palaces, and it may be in their most retired Closets, and handles then no otherwise then the meanest person in the street. Death (saith a learned Divine) suddenly snatcheth away Physicians, as it were, in scorn and contempt of Medicines when they are applying their preserva-

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was

tives and reſtoratives to others; as it is ſtoried of *Caius Julius* a Chyrurgeon, who dreſſing a ſore Eye, as he drew the Inſtrument over it, was ſtruck by an Inſtrument of death in the act and place where he did it. Beſides diſeaſes, many by miſchances are taken, as a bird with a bolt, while he gazeth at the bow. Death is that King againſt whom there is no riſing up, which all men are ſure to meet with whatever they miſs of; but when, that's unknown. Of Doomsday there are ſigns affirmative and negative, not ſo of death; every day we yield ſomething to him, our laſt day ſtands, the reſt runs. And how ſhould this put us all in minde to prepare for death, that he ſnatcheth us not away at unawares. *Whatſoever thou takeſt in hand therefore, remember thine end,* (ſaith the Wiſe Man) *and thou ſhalt never do amiſs.* No thoughts ſo wholeſome as thoſe of death, and none ſo profitable as thoſe of our end. We read of *Iſaac*, that he brought his new Bride *Rebecca* into his Mother *Sarahs* Tent, thereby to moderate thoſe Nuptial pleaſures with the thoughts of her Memory, whoſe Corps but few dayes before were carried thence. And King *Saul* was no ſooner anointed, but *Samuel*

ſends him by *Rachels* Sepulchre, leſt his new greatneſs of being a King might puff him up and make him to forget that he was a man. We read of many Heathens who did ſo much contemplate on their mortality, as their diſcourſes, their houſes, and their tables, ſhould be conſtant Monitors of it. The Ægyptians were wont to carry about their Tables a Deaths-head at their greateſt feaſts; and the Emperours of *Conſtantinople* on their Coronation day, had a Maſon appointed to preſent unto them certain Marble-ſtones, uſing theſe words, (or to this purpoſe.)

Chooſe mighty (Sir) under which of theſe Stones,
Your Pleaſure is e're long to lay your Bones.

And 'tis ſtoried of *Philip* King of *Macedon*, that he cauſed a Lackey every morning to awake him with that ſhrill Memento of, *Sir, remember that you are a man.* Shall heathens be thus mindeful of their diſſolution, and ſhall we put thoſe thoughts far from us? ſurely no; but rather cogitate of it, and make every day our laſt. Certainly, did we but conſider that we are Men, that all our actions

ſtand upon record, and ſhall one day be impartially rewarded. We ſhould ſo demean our ſelves every day, as men that endeavoured that no action of any day ſhould be ſuch as ſhould ſtand againſt us at the laſt. Young men remember this, you that may promiſe your ſelves many dayes upon earth, let not every day that is added to your life bring new ſins with it; but let grace be added to your dayes, that ſo your laſt dayes may be better then your firſt; and your burial day better then your birth, (as the wiſe Man ſpeaks.) Make God the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all your actions, and remember him in your work, and he will remember you in the reward; remember him as an Omniſcient and Omnipotent God, one that beholds all thy actions, and will reward them: remember him in thy youth, and let him have thy beſt dayes as well as thy worſt, the bloſſoms of thy Youth, as well as the leaves of thy Old age; and be ſure that thou ſpend the glory of thy years, as well as the dregs of thy age, in his ſervice; ſo ſhall thy life be proſperous, thy death happy, and thy reſurrection glorious. On the contrary, if thou

forget him now, a day will come, when he will not remember thee, but ſtrangely excommunicate thee, with a *depart from me, for I know you not:* therefore ever bear this wholeſome leſſon in minde, and forget it not: *Remember now thy Creatour in the dayes of thy Youth.*

It may be ſome may think that Old men come not within the verge of this exhortation, and that *Solomon* had nothing to ſay to them when he directed his ſpeech to the Young Man. I anſwer, that Old Men are more concerned to take notice of this then the Young Man, and thus I prove it. Young Men are but newly come into the world, and they muſt have ſome time to look about them; Old Men are ready to leave the World (and 'tis not long e're they muſt render an account to God for all their actions. 'Tis but the dawning of the day with the Young Man, but night begins to ſhew it ſelf (in its ſable Robes) to the Old Man. The Young Mans Sun is but newly riſen, the Old Man is ready to ſet; the Young Mans glaſs is but newly turned up, the Old Mans ſand is almoſt run out; the Young Man is but newly come from th

the Grave of the Womb, the Old Man is ready to go to the Womb of the Grave. But it will be objected, that the Young Man often leaves the World as ſoon as come in it; onely begins to breathe, and ſo breathes his laſt; that many go away, as well at the dawning of the day as at the approaches of the night; and at Cocks-crowing, as in the afternoon; and that the Young Mans Sun doth often ſet when but newly riſen; and his ſand run out, when his glaſs is but new turn'd up; and that the Womb oftentimes becomes his Tomb. I grant all this, that Young Men may dye (by caſualty or otherwiſe) as manifold examples before our eyes do hourly manifeſt. Young Men may dye, but Old Men muſt dye; for nature is almoſt extinguiſht in them, and in all probability they cannot hold out long. What are thoſe gray Hairs but ſo many Monitours of their approaching Mortality? What are the ſhrinking of the Veins, the coldneſs of the Blood, the waſting of the Fleſh, the Wrinkles in the Skin, the numneſs of the Joynts, the ſtiffneſs of the Limbs, the weakneſs of the Sinews, and the aches in the Bones, but ſo many Har-

bingers of death, or friendly Memento's to minde them of their Graves, and that thoſe dayes are now come, in which they may truly ſay, *They have no pleaſure in them.* And what a time is this for repentance, when the tongue begins to faulter, deafneſs hath poſſeſt the ears, dimneſs vail'd the eyes, and the memory departed. I confeſs 'tis good to call upon God at any time, (even on our death-beds) but 'tis better that we make our peace with God e're ſickneſs attache us. Phyſicians obſerve that grief in time of ſickneſs is the greateſt enemy of health, the greateſt hinderer of Phyſick, and the greateſt haſtner of death. Indeed we ſhould be ever prepar'd for that e're it comes, that when we come to lie upon our ſick-beds there may be no diſcontent at it, or diſturbance in it; and nothing to be done but to lie down and dye. Late repentance is ſeldom good, I will not ſay never true: The example of the Thief upon the Croſs forbids me that, whom we know repented at the laſt hour; he was ſaved at the laſt minute, that none might deſpair; and but he, he had no fellow (though another dyed with him) that none

none might preſume. I will ſay of late repentance, what a Father (long ſince) ſaid in another caſe, *As their damnation is not certain, ſo their ſalvation is doubtful.* My concluſion ſhall be this, though you cannot remember this diſcourſe, be ſure not to forget the Foundation on which 'tis built; *Remember now thy Creatour in the dayes of thy Youth.*

Sin the Cauſe of Sorrow, AND *Death the Effect of Sin.*

A Meditation on 2 Sam. 24. 14.

MY Contemplations are now fallen amongſt *Davids* Troubles, and this I am now to treat of not the leaſt; he was a man that went through many afflictions, and underwent many and great ſufferings; but neither time or the narrow limits I am confin'd to, will give me leave to deſcant upon all his troubles: I ſhall therefore onely glance at ſome, and ſpeak home to this, (which may be term'd the greateſt.)

But before I treat of the Troubles of this man, I ſhall ſpeak ſomething of this Man of Troubles; give a ſhort deſcription of the Man, then of his Sufferings.

The

The first mention we have of *David's* name is in 1 *Sam.* 16. 11. and there we finde him under a fourfold descriptio: who he is, what he was, whence he was, and when he liv'd.

First, for his Parentage or Pedigree, he was the son of *Jesse*, the son of *Obed*, &c. of the Tribe of *Judah*, and the youngest Son of his Father.

Secondly, for his Profession a Shepherd, (as most of his Fathers were before him) but he soon relinquisht that kinde of life; exchang'd his Crook for a Scepter, and his Sheep-fold for a Throne; became a publick Person, and grew so famous, that all places sounded with his Praises. That 'twere now but time lost to stand playing with his name, or to use much discourse upon it, for all that hear him mentioned, know that he was a Prophet and a King; and all other descriptions or definitions were altogether needless.

Fourthly, for his Countrey, he was of *Bethlehem*, a City scituate in that Countrey, which was the most renowned of the World; and in the various dispensations of Gods Providence underwent se-

veral denominations. For (as an eminent Authour judiciously observes) it was first called the Land of *Canaan*, from *Canaan* the son of *Cham*. Secondly, the Land of Promise, because the Lord had promised it to *Abraham* and his seed. Thirdly, *Israel*, of the Israelites, so called from *Jacob* who was sirnamed *Israel*. Fourthly, *Judea*, from the Jews, or people of the Tribe of *Judah*. Fifthly, *Palestine (quasi Philistim)* the Land of the Philistims, (a potent Nation that once inhabited it.) And now sixthly, *The Holy Land*, because that herein was wrought the Work of our Redemption.

Now whether the Regality of the tribe of *Judah* was so predominant as to give a Name to the whole Countrey, I determine not; but this is certain, that the little City of *Bethlehem*, (the place of *David's* Nativity, and thence called the City of *David*) belonged unto, and was a part of that Portion or Inheritance denominated to that Tribe, when first this Countrey was conquer'd by the son of *Nun*.

Fourthly, the time when he lived, it was in the dayes of King *Saul*, upon whose disobedience, *David* is by God appoint-

appointment and approbation anointed King, (but not *Sauls* Competitour but Succeſſour) *David* did long ſhroud himſelf among the ſheep-cotes e're he came to the Kingdom; and for no ſhort time (in an ambitious eye) did he content himſelf with the garb of a ſhepherd (after he was anointed) e're he was known to be a King, or the ſon-in-law to one: but the rayes of his fame did ſhine from under the mean veil of a ſhepheard, that he could not be long concealed, but the world muſt be witneſs of his glory.

Sauls Reign was very troubleſome, perpetual Wars betwixt him and the Philiſtines all his dayes; and this ſhall make way for *Davids* greatneſs. God many times keeps the beſt men for the worſt times, he loves to help at a dead liſt; and therefore *David* ſhall act for him at ſuch a time, when *Saul* and all *Iſrael* are at their wits end; then forth comes *David* (arm'd with the power of *Jehovah*) does wonders even to admiration; turns the Iſraelites Fears into Triumphs, and their Enemies Brags into Lachryma's.

The manner, thus: The Philiſtines had invaded the Land, and put their Armies in

in a poſture of Battle; and King *Saul* having alſo aſſembled the Iſraelites to give them the encounter, and ſet the Battle in array againſt the Philiſtines. And now both Armies facing each other on two neighbouring Mountains, the hoſt going forth, and giving a ſhout to the Battle, there iſſued from the Camp of the Philiſtines a Champion, (term him a man or a monſter) his name *Goliah*; the place of his nativity *Gath*; his ſtature ſix cubits and a ſpan; (which according to our Engliſh meaſure is about three yards and a quarter.) His armor, a helmet of braſs upon his head, a coat of mail on his back, graves of braſs upon his legs, and a target of braſs between his ſhoulders, a ſpear in his hand, the ſtaff to it like a Weavers beam, (and one with a ſhield went before him,) His Language, a Challenge to any one of the Servants of *Saul* to fight with him: Concludes with a defiance to the hoſt of *Iſrael*, and to the Lord of hoſts.

David being now ſent by his Father *Jeſſe* from his ſheep in the wilderneſs to his brethren in the camp, to enquire after their welfares, (for *Jeſſe*'s three eldeſt ſons attended King *Saul* to the Battle) obſer-

ving

ving how *Saul* and all *Iſrael* were amazed at his gaſtly countenance and daring language, and what great rewards were promiſed him that ſhould fight with him, as to have the Kings Daughter to Wife, and his Fathers houſe free in *Iſrael*; encouraged by this, and inſtigated by his impudent and blaſphemous expreſſions, reſolves to lay down the ſucceſs of that day on his encounter. And now both Armies full of expectation of the event of the combat, the Combatants draw near; little *David* onely with his ſtone and ſling, and *Goliah* with his maſſie Armour; and now *Goliah* belching forth his threats againſt *David*, and deriſion againſt the Hebrews, *David* lets him know, that the God of *Iſrael* (whom he defied) was ſo powerful, as by ſo weak an inſtrument as himſelf, and ſo ſlenderly arm'd, could bring him and his brags to confuſion. *David* to make quick work pulls forth a ſtone, and that God who taught his hands to war, and his fingers to fight, ſo directed his aim to the mark, that he hit him betwixt the joynts of his armour, and down falls he to the earth with the Philiſtines victory. *David* takes his own ſword and de-

decapits him, (attended with the acclamation of the Iſraelites) preſents it to *Saul*, who indeed makes good his promiſe to give him his Daughter, but he muſt undergo more hazards to obtain her, that no Iſraelite would undergo the danger, to purchaſe a Kings Daughter on ſuch dear terms; give for her dowry a hundred fore-skins of the Philiſtines. But he that preſerved *David* from the Lion and the Bear, and from that uncircumciſed Philiſtine, will ſtill crown him with victory to vanquiſh an hoſt; ſo that inſtead of one hundred he brings two, 1 *Sam.* 18. 27. God was with *David*, and there's no talk of overcoming thoſe whom he hath determined ſhall be victorious: no weapon that's form'd againſt him ſhall proſper; *Saul* with all his ſubtle projects to ſend him in haſte to another world, ſhall come too ſhort to inſnare him; for *David* ſhall be ſafe in the greateſt danger, and ſecure under the wings of an Enemy, (the Philiſtines) even in the Court of their King, and City of that monſter whom he had ſlain. No ſtone ſhall touch him at *Ziklag*, or arrow at *Gilboa*. *Abners* Inſurrection ſhall come to nothing,

Achis-

Achitophels Counſel to fooliſhneſs, *Abſaloms* Treaſon to the ruine of the Traitor, and *Sheba's* Rebellion to the miſcreants deſtruction, whileſt *David* is ſafely protected by that watchful Keeper of *Iſrael* (who never ſlumbers) for greater things.

And thus you have now ſeen *David* paſt ſecurely through all ſtraits, paſt all dangers, and his feet in a large room, having all his foes his footſtool, peace round about, and no enemy unſubdued, but his own corruption; and now wanting trials abroad, he ſins at home; ſeems to diſtruſt the Providence of that God that had hitherto ſo miraculouſly preſerved him with ſo many great and glorious deliverances; as from the Lion, and the Bear, from *Goliah*; once from *Achiſh*, ſeveral times from the Philiſtines, nine times from *Saul*; from ſtoning at *Ziklag*, from death at *Jeruſalem*, *Abſaloms* treaſon, and *Sheba's* rebellion: as if that hand ſo long extended over him were now ſhortned, that it could not ſave as it had done heretofore; and God not *yeſterday and to day the ſame for ever:* Confides in an arm of fleſh, numbers his people, examines the ſtrength of his Kingdom, as if

by

by them he could be preſerv'd, and be ſecur'd from all dangers, whereupon Gods anger is greatly kindled againſt him: and that *David* may be ſenſible of his great folly and vain hopes, *Gad* the Seer is diſpatcht with three harſh propoſals to him, and ſalutes him with this hard choice, either ſeven years Famine, or three moneths flying before the enemy, or three dayes peſtilence. To which we have *Davids* anſwer returned in the words of the Text, *And David ſaid unto Gad, I am in a great ſtrait.*

Here is an anſwer, and no anſwer; or an anſwer to no purpoſe, as being no reſolution to the things propos'd; choſe thee three things; *I am in a great ſtrait*: which ſeems to flow rather from a diſcontented and dejected ſpirit then a premeditated conſideration: as if he had expreſt himſelf thus, I am at my wits end, and know not what to do; you have here propos'd three things to me, I know not which to take, but would willingly decline them all; but ſince I muſt take one that would not be troubled with either, I muſt take ſome time to ſtudy for an anſwer; as being not provided of one

already; but take a ſad preface till I give the anſwer, and *David* ſaid unto *Gad, I am in a great ſtrait.* Where is now that wonted Courage that was in *David*? what? he that fought with beaſts, encountred a Giant, vanquiſht an Army, and was victorious in all his undertakings, is he now ſo daunted at a Prophets expreſſions, that he ſeems to be rob'd both of his valour and eloquence, knows neither what to do or ſay for himſelf.

Alas this wonder's leſſened, and the queſtion anſwered, if we ſeriouſly conſider, firſt the greatneſs of his ſin, then of his puniſhment; *David* hath committed a great ſin, and ſevere judgements are denounced againſt him for that ſin, which makes him ſenſible of both, and brings him to a *Non-plus.* When God is pleas'd to give a man a ſenſe of his ſin, and preſents him with terrifying judgements, as the rewards of it, 'tis enough to make the ſtouteſt heart to tremble, the ſtiffeſt joynts to be looſed, the ſturdieſt limbs to quake, and the ſtrongeſt hands to ſhiver. No marvel then if *David* take the words of the text as a Preface to his anſwer, *And David ſaid unto Gad, I am in a great ſtrait.*

I ſhall not offer that violence to the words as to divide them, but preſerve them whole, and fix my contemplations upon one obſervation, I ſhall draw from them, which is briefly this: *That ſin is the cauſe of ſorrow; or that all the miſeries that ever happened unto mankinde came by ſin*; which I ſhall clearly demonſtrate both by Scripture, Reaſon, and Experience, with ſuch perſpicuous clearneſs, as none but a ſon of contention will contradict.

'Twas ſin that excluded *Adam* out of Paradiſe, *Gen.* 3. 24. Brought a Deluge on the Old World, *Gen.* 7. 12. Fire and Brimſtone upon *Sodom*, *Geneſis* 19. 24. Plagues upon *Egypt*, *Exod.* 7. 20. Deſtruction upon *Pharaoh*, *Exodus* 14. 28. Ruine upon *Jericho*, *Joſh.* 6. 24. And ſo many miſeries upon *Eli* and his Family, that to hear would make the ears of any Iſraelite to tingle, 1 *Sam.* 3. 12. 'Twas ſin that made *Saul* loſe two Crowns, the one on Earth, the other in Heaven. That brings a catalogue of plagues on the head of the ſinner, *Deut.* 28. 16. Makes the whole creation groan, *Rom.* 8 22. Made the Sun withdraw himſelf, the pale-fac't Moon to hide her head, the twinkling

Stars

Stars to diſappear, the Rocks to rend, Graves to open, the vail of the Temple to part, a general darkneſs to take place over the whole World; brought the whole fabrick of heaven and earth out of courſe, the Lord of Glory to a ſhameful end, and the Prince of Life to an infamous death, *Luke* 23. 46. In a word, I may truly ſay of ſin, as *Abner* did of war, *Knoweſt thou not that it will bring bitterneſs in the latter end*, 2 *Sam.* 2. 26. God is ſo ſevere againſt ſin, that he would not ſpare his own Son, (when he undertook for the ſins of the world) and is ſo juſt in his chaſtiſing of ſinners, that he gives plagues anſwerable to the offence, that (oftentimes) the world may read the ſin by the puniſhment. Inſtance, the Sodomites who burnt with unnatural luſt, man with man; therefore Hell comes from Heaven, Fire and Brimſtone out of Heaven upon *Sodom*, *Gen.* 19. 24. *Pharaoh* orders all the Hebrew males to be drown'd, and he and his hoſt are ſerv'd ſo in the Red Sea, *Exod.* 14. 21. *Adonibezek* in his wanton cruelty cut off the fingers and toes of ſeventy Kings, and made them ſcramble for the crumbs of his Table;

and

and in the likemaner did God requite him; 'tis his own acknowledgement, *Judg.* 1.7. *Abimelech* kills his ſeventy brethren upon one ſtone, and his own brains are daſht out with a ſtone from the Tower of *Thebes*, thrown by a Woman, *Judges* 9. 53. *Sauls* ſword ſlew eighty five of the Lords Prieſts, and does the like courteſie for him, 1 *Samuel* 31.4. *Ahab* and *Jezabel* who conſpired to fool *Naboth* at once both of his Life and Vineyard, e're long the dogs lick their blood on the plat of ground they ſo bloodily purchaſt, 1 *Kings* 22. 38, *&c.* *Zimri* conſpir'd againſt his maſter King *Elah*, and put him to death for his Crown; reigned but ſeven dayes, but is forc't to be his own executioner, 1 *Kings* 16. 15. Queen *Athaliah* ſlayes all the Blood Royal, and ſhe her ſelf is ſent with violence into another world to anſwer for her cruelty in this, 2 *Kings* 11. 20 *Haman* makes a Gallows of fifty Cubits high for *Mordecai*, and ſues for a general Maſſacre of all the Jews; himſelf meets with a violent and infamous death on the Gallows he had prepared for *Mordecai*, *Eſth.* 7. 10. Thoſe Perſian Preſidents that conſpired againſt

Daniel

Daniel, to have him thrown into the den of Lions, are themſelves caſt in, and tore in pieces e're they came to the ground, *Dan.* 6. 24. *Nebuchadnezzars* pride tranſported himſelf beyond himſelf, therefore Gods Juſtice brings him lower then a man; makes him a beaſt by name, that before was one in nature, *Dan.* 4 33. *Herods* Pride made him forget he was a man, and therefore an Angel from the Lord makes him know himſelf to be but a man, or rather a worm; and ſmites one worm with many till he dyes, *Acts* 12. 23. 'Twas *Jeruſalems* ſin to ſtone the Prophets, and her puniſhment was anſwerable; not to have one ſtone upon another, *Matth.* 23. 37. The Judge objects againſt thoſe on the left hand, *I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in; naked and ye cloathed me not; ſick and in priſon, and ye viſited me not*; and therefore their puniſhment is to finde no mercy themſelves, that would afford none to others, and are for ever excluded the Judges Preſence, and all happineſs at once, *Matth.* 25. 41. Thus juſt is God in making the puniſhments ſo ſuitable to the ſins.

But here is one Objection ready to be thrown

thrown into my way, which I muſt not paſs by without anſwering. Doth God ſo ſeverely puniſh ſin, and he the Author of all? The Prophet *Amos* asks the queſtion, *Can there be evil in the city, and God hath not done it? Amos* 3. 6. And that word when 'tis put as an Interrogatory in the beginning either of a Verſe or Sentence, 'tis the higheſt affirmation and confirmation of a following Negative truth. Inſtance: Can a man take fire in his boſom and his cloathes not be burnt? Can a man that is old return a ſecond time into his mothers womb, and be born again? Can we bring a clean thing out of an unclean; a pure Spring from a polluted Fountain? ſurely no. Can there be evil in the city, and God hath not done it? there cannot. And did God move *David* to commit the ſin of numbering the people, and doth he yet puniſh that ſin of *Davids* with the death of no leſs then ſeventy thouſand men? Is he ſo ſevere againſt that ſin of which himſelf is the authour?

I anſwer, 'Tis the greateſt blaſphemy imaginable, to make God the Authour of ſin. *Let not any man when he is tempted ſay, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempt-*

tempted of evil; neither tempteth he any to evil, James 1. 13. You are to know that there are two ſorts of evils, the evil of ſin, and the evil of Puniſhment; the one proper to God, the other incident to man. We read of ſeveral in Scripture that did evil in the ſight of the Lord, there is the evil of ſin: and then we read how God did inflict judgements upon them for thoſe ſins, there was the evil of puniſhment. The guilt of the one requires the Juſtice of the other.

Again, God is ſaid to be the Authour of ſin, becauſe he ſwayes all the actions of men; and were he pleaſed, he could take off the ſinner in the heat and height of his ſin; and with a word (as he made the World of nothing) bring all that is therein to nothing: no ſin can be committed, or cruelty acted, without his permiſſion. And here by the way you are to take notice of a great Truth, *viz.* That God permits many things to be done, which he doth not approve of when they are done; and to make this plain to the meaneſt capacities, I could heap multitudes of Examples to confirm it. I am not ignorant that many have meaſured the juſtneſs of

a Cauſe by the ſucceſs of it; and becauſe God (for the ſins of a Nation, or other reaſons beſt known to his diviue wiſdom) oftentimes ſuffers the beſt Cauſe to come by the worſt on't; therefore they of the Triumphing party have concluded, that God did own and approve both of them and their Cauſe in giving them the Victory. But the greatneſs of their miſtake in ſo doing I ſhall manifeſt; in order to which I could produce manifold examples, and ſhew them that Vertue is ſometimes a ſufferer and Vice Triumphant; Gods people Captives, and his Enemies Conquerors. *Salmanazar* a heathen King drives the Iſraelites (Gods own people) ten Tribes at once, out of their own Land, into an everlaſting captivity. And *Nebuchadnezzar* an inſulting and profane Prince, makes havock in the Holy Land, carries two Tribes into a ſeventy years captivity, commits barbarous outrages, prophanes the Temple, burns *Jeruſalem* to the ground, and deſtroyes all before him with fire and ſword. If Succeſs therefore be an Argument of a good Cauſe, the Turk were the beſt Saint, the uncircumciſed Philiſtine the trueſt Son of *Abraham*: Of all things

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would never be a Christian, for they of all men were most miserable.

For a conclusion to this point, of many Instances I shall onely make choice of two; the one out of the Old Testament, the other out of the New. My first is that of the King of *Assyria*, *Isa.* 10. 6. whom God calls the rod of his anger, and gives a permission and a commission to tread down the Israelites as the mire in the streets: and this proud domineering Tyrant insults and triumphs, and intends the utter destruction of Gods people; was not his cause the best, that made him so victorious? but you shall finde otherwise; for when God had sufficiently scourged his people with this Rod, God had an end in it more then he dreamt of; for whereas he lookt not at all upon the hand of God in it, and thought of nothing but destruction; God made the end to conduce to the good of his people, and burnt this Rod in the fire, *Isa.* 10. 12.

The second is, That of the Saviour of the World, who when he was brought to answer for his life before the Roman President, and many things objected

againſt him by the Scribes and Phariſees. *Pilate* asks him many things, but he anſwers nothing; *Pilate* much offended hereat, argues the caſe with our Saviour in this manner, Knoweſt thou not the Eminency of my Perſon, the Dignity of my Place, and the largeneſs of my Power, that I can crucifie, or I can releaſe thee; but our Saviour tells him that that Power which he call'd his, was not his own; *For thou hadſt no power over me, were it not given thee from above, John* 19. 10. I am ſo far from being under thy power, that I can lay down my life and I can take it up; and did not I give thee a being, that am now a Priſoner at the Bar, thou couldſt never ſit upon me as a Judge on the Bench. The Scribes and Phariſees were ſo ſottiſhly ignorant as to think that if Chriſt had been the Son of God, (as he ſaid he was) they ſhould never have been ſuffered to have ſent him with ſo much cruelty to his Grave; and becauſe they had their wills of him, they did therefore believe that God approved of that bloody fact of theirs, and plainly demonſtrated that he was a Deceiver: theſe were the

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concluſions concerning him, *Matth.* 27. 63. *Pilate* and the Jews were but ſecondary cauſes of his death, they were but Inſtruments in anothers hand; for 'twas God that did deliver his Son to be crucified; he was that Lamb ſlain (in Gods Decree) before the foundations of the world were laid. And 'tis alſo true, that Chriſt delivered himſelf to be crucified by his chearful Obedience to the Will of his Father: yet this did in no way clear *Judas* that betrayed him, the Scribes and Phariſees that blaſphem'd him, *Pilate* that condemn'd him, the Souldiers that abus'd him, nor the Jews that crucified him, becauſe of their different aims and ends in it; for he was delivered by *Judas* for money, by the Jews for envy, by *Pilate* for fear, by the Souldiers in wickedneſs, and by God in love. Their deſign in crucifying Chriſt, was to hinder the Salvation of Mankinde, but God perfected Mans Salvation by their deſigns. And that God did not approve of that ſin of theirs, (though he permitted it) appears by thoſe ſevere and remarkable judgements inflicted upon the actors thereof. And firſt of *Ju-*

das, who was foremoſt in the Treaſon, he alſo is the firſt in Puniſhment; he brings his wages of iniquity back to the chief Prieſts, and hang'd himſelf, and ſo his Puniſhment is no leſs publick then his ſin. And for *Pilate*, (if eminent Authours may be credited) he was by the Emperour *Tiberius* baniſhed into *France*, and dyed moſt miſerably. And as for the Scribes, Phariſees, Souldiers, and the whole Rout of *Jews*, *Joſephus* tells us that thoſe that were left of them, were fourty yeares after, all ſwept away by Famine, Sword, and Peſtilence; and the lofty City *Jeruſalem*, with the glorious Temple therein, burnt to aſhes, by *Titus* Sonne of *Veſpaſian*, Emperour of *Rome*. And 'tis moſt certain, that the guilt of Chriſts blood lies ſo heavy on the heads of the poſterity of thoſe Jews that they are now a vagabond Nation ſcattered over the face of the Earth, hated of all, eſteemed of none, and under hardneſſe of heart unto this day. God is of purer eyes then to behold the leaſt ſin with approbation; all manner of impieties his ſoul abhors, and therefore doth he render the Authours the

of odious, and makes their Names ſtink to Poſterity. Inſtance *Cain*, for that ſin of his in killing his Brother, hath the mark of a Rogue clapt upon his Name, which poſterity ſhall never take off, *A fugitive and a vagabond ſhalt thou be in the earth*, Gen. 4. 14. *Simeon* and *Levi*, for that ſin of theirs, in ſlaying the *Sechemites*, under pretence of circumciſing them; their Names are never mentioned without the infamous addition of, *Brethren in iniquity*, Gen. 49. 5. *Jeroboam* for ſetting up Calves in *Dan* and *Bethel*, under pretence of ſaving the Jews a labour of going up to *Jeruſalem* to worſhip, his Name is never mentioned without an infamous brand, never to be wip't off, *Jeroboam that made Iſrael to ſin*, 1 Kings. 16. 19. *Ahaz*, for thoſe many and grievous ſins by him committed, hath a Name by himſelf, that he might be known to be the worſt King that ever reigned either in *Iſrael* or *Judah*, *This is that King Ahaz*!

This is the prophane and idolatrous King, that cut in pieces the veſſels of the Lords Houſe, abuſed the Prieſts of the Lord, ſhut up the doors of the Temple,

made Altars in every corner in *Jeruſa-lem*, advanced the high places, put down the worſhip of God, and put up that of Devils; and in the time of his diſtreſs, did treſpaſs yet more againſt the Lord, *This is that King Ahaz*, 2 Chron. 28. 22. *Judas* for that ſin of his, in betraying the Saviour of the World, his Name is not any where mentioned, but there is an ignominious blur put upon it, for poſte-rity to read, *Judas Iſcariot*, who alſo was the Traytour, *Matth.* 10. 4.

And God is ſo juſt, that he will not ac-that himſelf, for which he ſo ſeverely pu-niſhes others for being guilty of.

But ſecondly, did God move *Davi* to number the people? and doth he ye puniſh that ſinne of *Davids* with th death of no leſs then ſeventy thouſand Men? Is he ſo ſevere in puniſhing tha ſin of which himſelf is the Authour? anſwer, In 2 *Samuel* 24. 1. 'tis ſaid *That God moved David to number th People*; and in 1 *Chronicles* 21. 1. 't ſaid, *That Satan tempted David to num-ber the People:* For the reconciling o theſe Scriptures, you are to take notice that God is ſaid to move *David* t

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number the people, becauſe he did for a little withdraw the Arms of his Protection from him, left him to himſelf, and permitted Sathan to tempt him, (who fraught with malice enough againſt *David*) proves ſucceſsfull in his attempts, and brings *David* to commit this ſin.

And for further confirmation of this Truth, I ſhall borrow an Arrow out of a learned Quiver, and demonſtrate the ſeveral kindes of Tempters, with the various Natures of their Temptations; God, Satan, Man, the World, and the Fleſh, are all ſaid for to tempt. God tempts Man to try his obedience. Satan tempts Man to draw him from obedience. Men tempt men to try what is in them; and Men tempt God, by diſtruſting his Power. The World is a Tempter, to keep Man from God; and the Fleſh is a Tempter, to bring him to the Devill. So God tempted *Abraham* in the offering of his Son; Satan tempted *Job* in the loſs of his Goods; a Queen tempted *Solomon* in trying his Wiſdom; the Iſraelites tempted God by unbelief in the Deſart: The World tempted

Demas, when he forſook the Apoſtles, and the fleſh tempted *David* when he fell by Adultery; and his own corruptions, together with the inſtigation and ſollicitation of Satan, tempts him to commit this ſin, for which God was ſo highly diſpleaſed with him, that he ſent ſuch a harſh ſummons to him, that inſtead of anſwering, he breaks out in the language of the Text, *And David ſaid, &c.*

And thus have I fairly remov'd this great Block out of the way at which many have ſtumbled, and many more might have fallen; what now remains, but that I onely in brief ſet down the ſad effects of ſin in general to all mankinde, and ſo Ile conclude.

But by the way, I muſt crave leave of my Readers to make a ſhort digreſſion, briefly to ſhew how glorious man was by Creation, how happy in his ſtate of Innocency, how great his fall, and how miſerable the effects of it, and that ſhall be my concluſion.

Man was created a glorious Creature, and heir to much happineſs; put in a ſtate of Innocency, ſeated in an earthly Paradice, and placed as a monarch over all the

the Creatures that God made, (except those blessed Angels that are resident in a higher Sphear) the Beasts of the Field, and the Fowls of the Air, the Fish in the Sea, and all creeping things did him homage, and he gave them their Names: The place of his Residence, the Garden of *Eden*, (a fit Emblem of that Celestial Paradice that is above) there being all the varieties that heart could wish or desire to make a life happy, without either carking or caring, moiling or toiling, sighing or sorrowing; and to make his happiness compleat, he was to continue without the limits of Threescore Years and ten, or Fourscore Years; his Body no less immortal then his Soul: Here was a happy life indeed, where there was no Sickness to torment, no Death to affright, or Devil able to hurt. And as a further addition to his Happiness, that nothing might be wanting that may any way conduce to his well being) a beloved companion is given him (with such a body and such a soul as he had) for his perpetual consort, to keep him from the dumps of melancholly, and be a constant sharer with him in all his felicity. *Adam* thus

happy, the fruit of every tree in that glorious *Eden* (onely one excepted) was for his uſe; and to eat of that one Tree was death to himſelf and poſterity. This tree ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and ſerved as a Touchſtone to try their obedience. The Devil (not long before thrown from Heaven for his pride) perplext not more at his own miſery then mans happineſs, envying that Man (a creature inferiour to him by creation) ſhould uſurp his place, to fill up that room, or ſhine in that Orb whence himſelf was caſt, reſolves to work his wits to bring Man as miſerable as himſelf; and thus he manages the deſign: he gets into the Serpent ſo climbs the Tree, waits his opportunity and ſets upon the Woman; tells her the Tree is handſome, the Fruit beautiful, and the taſte much more delightful; and finding her not ſo tractable as he deſired, further beſpeaks her thus: Fear not the threats or menaces of thy Creator, no evil ſhall accrew to thee or thine, eating the lovely Fruit of this fair Tree. Do not make me believe a thing I know to be falſe; tell not me of dying the death, 'tis no ſuch matter; for when

have once tasted, you shall be no longer servants of him that made you, but Lords and Masters of your selves; and every way as great and as good as he that made you. Were not trees made for fruit, and what was fruit made for but to eat; then why not this, as well as others? And thus by the alluring speeches of this subtle deceiver, the Woman is deluded; *Adam* perverted, the most high God highly dishonoured, and all mankinde without an infinite mercy ruined; she tastes, and gives her husband with her, and he did eat. And so man that was so fearfully and wonderfully made, and in so happy and glorious condition, hath forfeited all by this one act of disobedience, is become a Map of perfect misery; so that (as one wittily observes) Man is shut out of the Doors of his everlasting Habitation for two pretty Toyes, an Apple and a Woman. And now the judgements of God like a Troop pursue him and his posterity; and all the miseries and calamities of this life, and that to come, follow close at his heels, as the effect and reward of sin, and brings him to such a *Non-plus*, (being loaded with so much guilt, and attended

tended with ſo many judgements; and therefore no wonder to ſee him caſt down and dejected. *Wherefore doth a living man mourn*, or *complain*, was a Prophets queſtion? and 'tis ſadly anſwered by himſelf, *A man for the puniſhment of his ſin*, Lam. 3. 39. *I have ſinned, and what ſhall I ſay unto thee, O thou preſerver of men*, ſayes *Job*. *Woe unto us, for we have ſinned*, cryes the Church, *Lament.* 5. 16. *David* cryes, *That his ſins were gone over his head, and become a burthen too heavy for him to bear*: And therefore after his committing this ſin, no wonder if he were ſo amaz'd at the propoſal of thoſe terrors for it, that he breaks out into the diſcontented expreſſions of the Text; *And David ſaid unto Gad, I am in a great ſtrait.*

Had it not been for Sin, Death had never fetcht his circuits through the world. Neither *Adam* or any of his ſons had never come under his power. 'Twas Sin that brought in thoſe terrible Harbingers of Death; thoſe various kinds of ſickneſſes to afflict mankinde. For as the ſhadow follows the body, ſo plagues attend Sin; and had the cauſe been wanting, (which is Sin) the effects had never

been (which is Misery.) There had been no sweeping away of mankinde by Sword or Famine; Famine should never have conquered his thousands, or the Sword his ten thousands. There should have been no wasting Consumption, no grievous Gout, nor groaning Stone, or tormenting Cholick; no burning Feaver, or quaking Ague, nor trembling Palsie, or loathsome Jaundies; nor a thousand other Infirmities and Casualties which now attend frail man to his Grave. But this is not all, for Death eternal also is the reward of Sin, which is the second Death, *Rev.* 20. 14. and may well be term'd a death and no death; being a privation from all that's good, or to a life desirable, and a constancy in suffering that which is evil even intollerable torments that shall never know either end or measure, impossible for life to suffer, did not an infinite Justice keep the tortured from dying; for there the best company shall be Devils, and the best musick Blasphemy. The ear shall be entertained with the grievous screeches of parties condemned, and hideous howlings of woful Devils; the eye, with no better prospect

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then damned Ghoſts; the taſte with no greater dainties then grievous hunger; the ſmell with no choiſer Odours then ſulphurous Brimſtone; and the feeling with thoſe terrible extreams, of burning and gnaſhing of Teeth: (In a word) 'tis a death, becauſe they are excommunicated from ſuch glory as the wit of man is not able to expreſs; and 'tis a life too, (or rather a living death) becauſe they are alive to endure ſuch helliſh torments as the learnedſt pen is not able to delineate, nor the eloquenteſt tongue to deſcribe, the rareſt wit to imagine, or the knowingeſt mortal to define. Ever to be dying, yet never dye. This, this ſhall be the unrepentant ſinners portion, *Matth.* 25. 41. *Rev.* 20. 10.

To conclude, ſince the effects of ſin, reach not onely to heap plagues upon the ſinner here, but alſo everlaſting torments upon ſoul and body hereafter, *What manner of perſons ought we to be in all holy converſation?* My advice is, that we ſhun that cauſe which brings ſuch ſad effects; avoid ſin, that we never partake of thoſe plagues as the rewards of it. And in order hereunto, that we ſet a narrow watch

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over our thoughts, words, and actions, that we give not way to the leaſt temptation, but kills this cockatrice in the egge, deſtroy ſin in the birth, get the maſtery of every corruption, and bid defiance to the deſtructive allurements of our immortal enemy: And becauſe all of us brought ſuch a load of guilt with us into the world, as without an infinite mercy would ſink us into that place whence is no redemption; and being of our ſelves, not able ſo much as to think a good thought; let's make our addreſſes to that all-ſufficient Saviour, who for our ſakes wrought glorious Salvation, conquered Death, Sin, and Satan, foiled the powers of darkneſs, and led the devils in Triumph as his Captives, *Hoſ.* 13. 14. 1 *Cor.* 15. 57.

Let's endeavour to have an intereſt in him, that his merits may be imputed unto us, and we may be cloathed with the long white robes of his righteouſneſs, *Rev.* 4. 4. That at the great day of Audit, we may hold up our heads with joy before that Bar, whence the wicked ſhall be ſentenc't; and rejoyce that all ſtraits are at an end, and all our miſeries out of date; that our ſins and death are laid in one grave, ever

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to be forgotten and forgiven; and are now ready to take livery and ſeizin of that glorious, incorruptible, and unfading Inheritance, which the Lion of the Tribe of *Judah*, (the Captain of the Lords hoſt, and of our Salvation) hath purchaſt for us; and be ever enjoying that glory which *Moſes* ſo earneſtly deſired (onely) to behold; and eternally chant forth *Hallelujahs* to the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity; to whom be aſcrib'd by Men and by Angels, (here and hereafter) all Honour and Glory, Thankſgiving and Obedience, World without End.

Balaam's

Balaam's *happy Wiſh*, AND *Unhappy End.*

A Meditation on *Numb.* 23. 10. *Let me dye the death of the Righteous, and let my latter end be like his.*

THeſe words were utter'd by *Balaam* the ſon of *Beor* of *Meſopotamia*, the notedſt Conjurer of thoſe times, whom *Balak* King of *Moab* ſent for to curſe *Iſrael*; and being come for that purpoſe from the Mountains of the Eaſt, to the high places of *Baal*, beholds a glimpſe of Heavens Glory, and *Iſraels* Happineſs; diſcovers better wages then *Balak* could give him, greater preferment then *Balak* could exalt him to; and infinitely more honour then was at *Balak's* diſpoſal. *Balaam* being in an extaſie,

extasie, and (as it were) ravisht with the glory which he sees, turns his Prophesie into a Prayer, and his Prayer is this: *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.*

Were these the words of a Sorcerer, a better mouth might have spoke it? We may well admire that so sweet a saying should proceed from so foul a mouth; that such a Flower of Paradice should grow on such a Dunghil; that a strange and an enemy to the God of *Israel* and the people of *Israel*, should so excellently set forth the glory of the one, and the happiness of the other; and that he should have so much of Heaven in so short a prayer, *Let me dye*, &c.

'Twas our Saviours question, *Matth.* 7. 16. *Do men gather Grapes of Thorns, or Figs of Thistles?* Here's a Thorn bring forth Grapes, an Inchanter with the expressions of a Prophet. How can we sufficiently admire the wisdome and power of God, in making wicked men to sound forth his praises, even the Devil himself to set forth the glory of the Father, and proclaim the divinity of the Son. Hard-hearted *Pharaoh* must confess his power

the Magicians his works; and *Balaam* ſhall be ſenſible of his glory, witneſs his Petition, *Let me dye*, &c. A foul breath may make a Trumpet ſound ſweetly, a crackt Bell may toll in others to Church, a ſtinking carcaſs may have a Honey-comb in it; and a Sorcerer may ſpeak good Divinity: I am ſure *Balaam* did, and a prayer as excellent; *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.*

Hence obſerve, that we are not to judge of any man by his words, or paſs our verdict by the out-ſide; for many cry *Templum Domini* with their mouths, that have the Devil in their hearts; and the Devil himſelf ſometimes counterfeits an Angel of light. Many make a fair profeſſion of Chriſtianity, that ſpeak well, hear much, and underſtand more; upon examination you will finde by their actions, that they have meerly a *form of godlineſs*, *but deny the power of it*; that at beſt will appear but like the Devil in *Samuels* Mantle. We uſe to ſay, that all is not gold that gliſters, and 'tis as true that all are not holy that ſeem ſo; all not Saints that have demure looks and ſpeci-

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ous pretences. Our Saviour hath told us that the tree is known by his fruit; and God that ſearches the reins, knows the heart, and judges of the outward action by it. *Balaams* words beſpeak him both a Prophet and a Saint; and he did as clearly propheſie of Chriſt, as any Prophet of the Lord, either before or after him: and 'tis thought by ſome, that his Propheſie of a Star to riſe out of *Jacob* &c. drew thoſe Perſian Kings to attend the motion of that Star that appeared at our Saviours Incarnation. 'Tis moſt certain that *Balaam* ſpake ſo well, that no man could ſpeak better; yet he could ſpeak ſo bad, that the Devil himſelf could not ſpeak worſe; as when he adviſed the *Moabites* to ſend their Daughters to commit whoredom with the *Iſraelites*, which occaſioned the death of twenty four thouſand Hebrews. And ſo I paſs from the Speakers deſcription, to the deſcription of his Speech.

The Speaker was *Balaam*, and his Speech, or rather his Prayer, was, *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my laſter end be like his.* *Balaam* is ſo taken with the rayes of that Glory he behold

at a diſtance, that he grows impatient. No more of life, nothing in it ſo deſirable. No more of this world, he ſees more glory in the next, and therefore courts death to conveigh him to that glory which he ſo much longs for. *Let me dye, &c.* What, could he not dye without asking leave? without much entreaty, death was ready to attend him; and for want of help he might have been his own executioner, and (as King *Saul* did a long time after) made his own Sword to have given him his *Mittimus* to the grave. No, *Balaam* (as bad as he was) would not lay violent hands on himſelf; he knew that God would not entertain any Runnagate or ſtraggling ſons that came without his call. That God who infus'd a living Soul into our Bodies, (when we began to be) will not have that ſoul come forth till he require it. 'Tis written *Revel.* 3. 21. *To him that overcomes, will I grant to ſit with me in my Throne; even as I alſo overcame, and am ſet down with my Father in his Throne.* To him that overcomes, not to him that runs away: to him that conquers, not him that flies from his colours. We are now but on our way, not yet in our

our Countrey. In this world we must d
our work, in that to come we must hav
our wages. Here we must fight under th
Banner, there we must receive (if we de
serve it) the Crown. This World is a Se
of trouble, that a Haven of rest; an
those who to avoid the troubles of this
rush themselves out, by laying violen
hands on themselves, shall never reach
the happiness of that. For how can God
afford Mercy to those, who have none
for themselves? *Balaam* would dye, but
how? There are (saith one) three sorts
of death; the death of Nature, the death
of Sin, and the death of Grace, (or rather
a gracious death) or the death of the Just.
'Tis onely the last that *Balaam* sues for.
Let me dye, (sayes he) but no death will
serve his turn, but that of the Just; *Let
me dye the death of the righteous, and let
my latter end be like his.* My latter end,
he is not altogether for himself, he hath
some care of his posterity after him; he
knew that God would be *Abrahams ex-
ceeding great reward*; and that he would
be the same to his seed that he was to
him: be the God of his seed, and of his
seeds seed; and in them should all the

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Nations of the world be bleſſed. So *Balaam* prayes in reſpect of his own particular end, and for his poſterity, thoſe that were come, or were to come out of his loin, *Let my latter end be like his.*

Now for the further amplifying of this Prayer of *Balaams*, I ſhall draw theſe following Concluſions from it:

Firſt, That the Righteous dye, &c.

Secondly, That their death is happy, and attended with glory.

Thirdly, That none ſhall dye ſo, but thoſe that live ſo; or, that a holy Life is the onely prologue to a happy Death.

Laſtly, I ſhall preſent you with ſome ſhort Directions, how to lead ſuch a life, how to reach ſuch a Death, and this ſhall be my concluſion.

That Death is a debt of Nature, to be paid by all the ſons of men, is ſo known a truth, that it needs no further proof then common experience; the Decree hath long ſince gone forth, that all men muſt once dye. So ſure as death, (ſayes our common Proverb) and that's ſo ſure, that nothing more certain. For of all the Priviledges that Chriſt purchaſt for the ſons of men, he never granted this; for he himſelf

himself tasted of death, and so must all those do that breathe upon this earth, except those onely that shall be found alive at the day of judgement, which shall not dye but be chang'd. None are exempted from deaths rage, no honey without the gall, no exaltation without this humiliation; all must pass through his black Gates e're they can enter into glory.

And this brings me from the first conclusion to the second; from the certainty of death to all mankinde, to the Happiness of it to the righteous. *Let my last end be like his.*

I cannot blame *Balaam* for making such wishes, and it had been well for him if it had fallen so, he had then been eternally happy as now miserable. Indeed death to a righteous man is but a sleep (for so our Saviour stiles it) it puts an end to our miseries, and a beginning to our joyes; it cures all diseases, the aking head and the fainting heart; *Asa* of his Gout and *Mephibosheth* of his lameness; *Lazarus* of his Sores, and *Gehazi* of his Leprosie; finishes that life that was a kind of death, (or a passage to it) and gives birth to another, not subject to much

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on; and ſerves as a ſhort bridge to conduct the pious ſoul to a ſpacious Inheritance.

But it may here come within the verge of an Inquiry, whether the righteous may deſire death; 'tis anſwered, that it may be deſired, not for it ſelf, but for what it brings.

Firſt, we may deſire it, as it puts a period to ſin; there's no offending of God in the Grave, ſin will be an inmate with the choiceſt of Gods Sainnts whilſt they are here, but is forc'd to leave them when they leave the world. For (as one obſerves) ſin was the Midwife (or rather the womb) that brought death into the world, and death muſt be the Grave to bury ſin, (ſo the Mother is killed by the Daughter.) Again, we may deſire it, as it brings us home to our Fathers houſe, near our Head and our elder Brother; ſo Saint *Paul* deſir'd it, *Phil.* 5. 23.

Secondly, That none ſhall dye ſo, but thoſe that live ſo, *&c.* For as the effect follows the cauſe, or the ſhadow the body; ſo Happineſs is the attendant of Holineſs. Would *Balaam* dye the

death of the Righteous, that was so far (as a learned Authour observes of him) from living the life of the Righteous that he gave Pestilent counsel against the lives of Gods *Israel*: And though here in a fit of compunction, he seems a friend, yet he was after slain by the Sword of *Israel*, whose happiness he admires and desires to share in. Carnal men care not to seek that which they would gladly finde; some faint desires and short-winded wishes may be sometimes found in them, but their mistake is in breaking Gods chain, to sunder Holiness from Happiness, Salvation from Sanctification, the end from the means; they would dance with the Devil, and sup with Christ at night. Live all their lives long in *Dalilahs* lap, and then go to *Abrahams* bosome when they dye. The Romanists have a Saying, that no man would desire to live in *Italy*, (a place of great pleasure) but to dye in *Spain*, because there the Catholick Religion (as they call it) is so sincerely professed. And a Heathen being askt, whether he would rather be *Socrates*, a painful Philosopher, or *Crœsus* a wealthy King

anſwer'd, That for this life he would be *Craſus*, but for the life to come, *Socrates*: But ſtay, not here and hereafter too; you know what Father *Abraham* ſaid to *Dives* in flames: *Son, Remember that thou in thy life time receivedſt thy good things*, and therefore now muſt look for evil. That King *Balak*'s proffers were ſo liberal, that *Balaam* was loath to forego ſo fat a Morſel, his mouth watred, and his fingers itcht to be dealing with *Balak*; (he will ask God again and again to gain ſuch a prize) and his heart again is raviſht with *Iſraels* Happineſs: he would fain pleaſe *Balak*, if he might not diſpleaſe God in it, and partake of both; but as *Balak* had not his will, ſo neither had *Balaam* either his wages or his wiſh. God oftentimes fools wicked men of their expectations, that whilſt they ſtrive to gain the happineſſe of both worlds at once, finde neither: ſo here, I know not how fitter to compare *Balaam* then to a ſtranger travelling a far Countrey, beholds the ſtate and magnificence of the Court, but no intereſt in the King; or to a Surveyor of Lands, that takes an exact compaſs

of other mens Grounds, of which he ſhall never enjoy a foot.

I ſhall ſee him (ſayes *Balaam*) ſo ſhall every eye, and thoſe alſo that pierc't him; but not as *Abraham* ſaw him and rejoyced; nor as *Job*, Chap. 19. 25. The pure in heart onely ſee him to their comfort; when *Balaam* beholds him, it ſhall be with terrour; and though when he made this Prayer, his ſoul danc't on his lips, ready to flye off, yet was he never nearer Heaven then thoſe *Piſgah* Hills: Had *Balaams* works been anſwerable to his words, or his worth to his wiſhes, he might have reacht his deſires. But as *Saul* who was once among the Prophets, fell after from God, ſo *Balaam* is not long in theſe raptures, and therefore for all his Devotion, though he were not ſo wicked as to kill himſelf, is nevertheleſs ſo unfortunate as to fall by the Sword of the Iſraelites, even among the thickeſt of Gods Enemies, the Midianites; as you may read at large in the one and thirtieth Chapter of the book of *Numbers*, ver. 8.

There is no man ſo much an enemy to himſelf, but would be happy if happineſs

were to be gain'd with wiſhing for. Ask the wickedſt man upon earth, if he does not hope to dye well, he will tell you he does, and ſo he will, if a word upon his death-bed will do it; A *Lord have mercy upon me*: But alas! Heaven is not to be attained on ſuch eaſie tearms. *Cain* may be diſtracted for his Murther, *Balaam* and *Saul* may Propheſie, *Ahab* walk in Sack-cloath, *Judas* preach and do miracles, and all to no purpoſe; 'twas not *Eſau's* blubber'd eyes that could recover either his Birth-right or his Fathers Bleſſing. I cannot but reprehend their folly that ſpend their dayes in ſinne and vanity, and at the point of death, think to turn ſuddain Penitents, as if that would do: how foully are they miſtaken that think ſo, for he that lives like a Devil upon earth, (though under an Angels vail) ſhall never be a Saint in Heaven.

So I have now done with the parts, propos'd: what remains, but that I in brief give ſome ſhort directions, how to lead this happy life, how to reach that happy death, and ſo I'le conclude. For the certain and ſpeedy attainment of which

be pleased seriously to weigh these following Instructions.

First, be conversant in the Scriptures, make that your day and your nights studies, and take notice of the lives of all Gods Saints, and endeavour to tread them in those steps which brought them to glory. Make *Abrahams* faith, and *Jobs* patience, *Eliahs* zeal, and *Hezzekiahs* Integrity, patterns of your imitation. Let *Joseph* be an example of unconquer'd chastity, and *Moses* of meekness and humility. Let *Davids* troubles teach us to depend upon Gods Providence, and *Pauls* perseverance, not to be weary of his Corrections. Remember the Character which our Blessed Saviour gave of the Baptist, *That he was a burning and a shining light.* Indeed the Saints of God in all ages have serv'd as Beacons on hills to give light to a crooked and perverse generation. Oh that we could but learn by their examples to adorn our Profession, and we shall be no losers in the end. What sayes *David*? *Mark the upright man, and behold the just*, (indeed he is worth the noting) *for the end of that man is peace.* He it is that

may be truly ſaid to leave this world like a Lamb, and ſhall for ever be owned in a better for one of Chriſts fold. But above all look upon him that is the Authour and Finiſher of your Faith; ſtrive to imitate the bleſſed ſteps of the holy Jeſus, whoſe feet were ever running Gods Commandments, whoſe hands were ever buſied in works of Charity, his eyes ever looking for objects of Mercy, whoſe Soul was ever yearning with bowels of Compaſſion, whoſe diſcourſe was alwayes gracious, and guile never found in his lips. And that we may be the better fitted to write after ſuch bleſſed Copies, let us ſet a narrow watch over our thoughts, words, and actions, that we offend in neither; but remember that he is an Almighty and Omniſcient God, with whom we have to do, and all things naked and bare to his all-ſeeing Eye; and that we may make a happy progreſs in our Chriſtian courſe, let's trample on the Vanities of this World, and have our converſation in Heaven, whilſt we are on Earth. Put a right value on the things of this World, and whilſt we are in this, make ſure of a

better; that when this Fabrick ſhall b
on a flame, we may finde a place of re
fuge in thoſe glorious and everlaſtin
Habitations: and that we by no mean
put off our Repentance from day t
day, but take time by the fore-top, fo
we know not what a day may bring
forth. There are many now in Hel
yelling forth their too late Lamentati
ons, that would have repented, had the
had a morrow; let us be ever contem
plating of our laſt end, and of that gre
account we muſt all one day make, an
account every day as our laſt; th
when death comes we may be ſo pre
par'd for his approach, as to entertai
him as a friend, not dread him as an ene
my. 'Twas a good Prayer of *David*
Pſal. 9. 20. *Let the Nations know them*
ſelves to be but men. Oh that we did bu
ſeriouſly take this into our conſiderati
on, and rightly underſtand our fram
whereof we are made, and remembe
that we are but duſt; and what is duſt
but the ſlave of the beaſom, and the ſpor
of the winde. That the luxurious per
ſon would conſider that he is the foul
er duſt, by ſo much as he is ſtain'd an
de

defil'd by his uncleanneſs, and that he would remember the example of *Zimri* and *Cozbi*, who in the fragrancy and heat of their delight were ſent to hotter flames. That the loathſome Drunkard would remember *Belſhazzar*, who was ſtruck with a fit of trembling, (by the appearance of a hand writing bitter things againſt him on a wall) whilſt he was frollicking it with his jovial Carouſes. That the Thief and Blaſphemer would call to minde *Zachariah's* flying Roll of bitter curſes. That the unmerciful would remember *Dives* that denied *Lazarus* the Crumbs from his Table, and therefore was himſelf denied a drop of water when he was in Torments. That the Sacrilegious perſon would call to minde the Example of *Ananias* and *Saphira*, who were immediately ſtruck dead, and the laſt word they ever ſpake was a lie. And that the covetous perſon would conſider that his Gold and his Silver is but a little well coloured duſt, and as fading as the world, yet the ruſt of it ſhall bring in evidence againſt him at the great day. That we would all conſider, that as ſure as we

came from our mothers womb, ſo certain ſhall we return to the earth, (the common mother of us all.) 'Twas the Almightie's wiſh concerning *Iſrael*, *Deut.* 5. 29. *O that there were ſuch a heart in my people, that they would fear me, that they would conſider their latter end.* Certainly did we but conſider that as we ought, we ſhould not ſo eaſily offend God as we do. 'twas well ſaid of the ſon of *Syrach*, *Whatſoever thou takeſt in hand, remember the end, and thou ſhalt never do amiſs.* We have a kinde of a fooliſh Proverb (when we have forgot or let ſlip the doing of a thing) I did as little dream of it as of my dying day. I am ſure we all think too little of that day which is the day of dayes, and was ſo precious, as to draw tears from our Saviours eyes when he beheld *Jeruſalem*, *Luke* 19. 41. upon that day we are found in an unprepared poſture; there's no further time to be granted, but judgement immediately paſs upon us. Who would not then take ſome pains to lead a holy life to be made happy in and after death, to obtain that which *Balaam* wiſht for, but could not gain.

But this is not all, *Balaam* had a care also to his Posterity after him, and desired their happiness as his own; and so must we, if we hope to reach what he mist of. Know you that are Parents and Masters of Families, that you are accountable for all under your tuition: and woe to you if any go to Hell through your negligence: have a care to bring up your Children in the fear of that God, who will be worshipt of all those that approach unto him: Who will you do for, if not for those that are part of your selves, (your selves new stampt, or your living pictures) which the rule of Charity (in a more then ordinary manner) commands you to care for.

I know you all desire to leave them great Possessions, Lands, and Livings, Shops and Ware-houses, Treasuries and Counting-houses, Gold and Silver, and all the costly things of this World, to enlarge their Families, joyn house to house, and become great in the Earth: covet rather to make them free of the new *Jerusalem*, Denizons of heaven, and of the household of faith, that they may have as right a claim to that Kingdom, as the

things,

things of this. And for your Servants, remember, that their ſouls were bought with the ſame price with yours, and that one Jeſus died for both; and remember that *Abraham* the Father of the faithful had as tender a care of the Souls of his Servants, as of thoſe that came out of his Loins, *Geneſis* 18. 19. And that you may do as he did, bring up both Children and Servants in Gods fear, become good examples your ſelves, that all that ſee your good works, may glorifie God on your behalf, and ye may be as lights to a perverſe generation. To this end loſe no time, (delayes are dangerous) inſtruct them betimes in the way they ſhould go, that they may draw Godlineſs to a Profeſſion, and be ſo well acquainted with the wayes of God, that in old age they may not depart from it; and this ſhall ſtand both you and them in ſtead one day, when all tranſient glories ſhall be conſum'd in that flame that ſhall bring the world to confuſion; many fare the worſe for their fathers tranſgreſſions, (for God is ſo ſevere againſt ſin, that he puniſhes it to the third and fourth generation) many ſuffer for their bad

bad relations, and many fare the better for good Parents. King *Hezekiah* fared the better for being the Son of *David*, (though *David* were dead and rotten many years e're he was born.) *God hath promiſed that he will ſhew mercy to thouſands, in them that love him and keep his Commandments.* He is the beſt maſter ever man ſerv'd, thoſe that ſeek him in their lives, ſhall ſurely finde him at their deaths, and attain that which *Balaam* went a wrong way to purchaſe, *dye the death of the Righteous.* And (in a word) if we thus order our converſation aright, he ſhall (in his due time) ſhew us his ſalvation, and tranſlate us from theſe mud-wall Cottages, (whoſe foundations are in the duſt) to thoſe ſtately Palaces (not made with hands) in the higheſt heavens; from theſe houſes of clay, to thoſe manſions of glory; there to participate of the happineſs of the Saints in light, and ever to behold and admire the glorious beatifical viſion to all eternity.

The

The Meritorious Ranſom:

OR,

The unparallel'd Sufferings of the Son of God for the Sons of Men.

A Meditation on 1 *Tim.* 1. 15. *This is a true ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the World to ſave ſinners.*

THat Chriſt is come now after ſo long an acknowledgement as 1600 years and upwards, were but a piece of ingrateful infidelity to queſtion; Heaven and Earth with one mouth ſpeak it, Men and Angels from one Spirit preach it, the Devils profeſs it, none but Jews and Pagans, Infidels to it. Had he not been come, or this been true, all mankinde had been everlaſting ſlaves to the Prince of darkneſs, and by him been led

to that dreadful Goal, where having once brought us, millions of years ſhould not have terminated our miſeries; for we ſhould have felt to our eternal confuſion, the utmoſt rage of an inſulting Tyrant, and the unconceivable Tortures of a wicked Tormentour. But that the *Jehovahs* Glory might diſplay its refulgent beams with a brighter reſplendency, and mans happineſs (long eclipſed) might be rendered ſerene and clear; and alſo that the Prince of darkneſs might not captivate wretched mortals in the diſmal priſons of eternal darkneſs, the ſecond Perſon of the glorious Trinity deſcends from Heaven, encounters this enemy, and reſcues mankinde out of his ravenous Jaws, confines him to his place, and fits man for a better; conquers ſin, death, and hell, brings all oppoſers to ſubjection, and makes his enemies his foot-ſtool.

This is a true ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, &c.

The beſt news that ever came to a loſt world, the joyful'ſt tydings that ever was brought to the ſons of men, and therefore no wonder if deſervedly uſher'd with

with an *Ecce* of Admiration, *Behold!* The Embaſſie was ſo honourable, that a Angel brought it; and when an Ang comes, 'tis ſome great meſſage; when good Angel is Ambaſſadour, 'tis ſom good errand; this the greateſt, the bel that Meſſenger or Ambaſſadour eve brought, the Birth of him that was t dye for the World; well might the An gel therefore uſe a *Fear not*, as a Proem or Introduction to that he had i charge to deliver to the Shepheards attending their Flocks in the Fields Indeed an Angels preſence that before was terrible, is now made amiable by the news he brings, which is *Glad tydings of great joy, which ſhall be to all people; for unto you is borne this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord.* Here's news enough to ra viſh thoſe that heard it; here's a ſight worth the beholding, a new-borne Saviour, (eſpecially as being born in that place which Ancient Propheſies long before predicted ſhould be the place of the *Meſſiahs* Nativity.) This is it the Angel would have us behold now. That is it the Prophet would

have

have beheld before; never ſuch a wonder in the whole World. The Childe of a Virgin, and God a Childe, (ſaith the Evangelical Propheſie) never ſuch a Jubile in the World, as a Chriſt and a Saviour, coming to redeem loſt mankinde. Sayes the Angelical Hiſtory, what was foretold by *Iſaiah's* Pen, is fulfilled in *Gabriels* Tongue; which ſpeaks comfort not to ſome Perſons, but to all People; all, elſe Perſons and People had been eternally loſt. *To you he is born*; to you Men he is, to us Angels he is not. [We that ſtood have not the need; they that fell have not the grace of Salvation; nor ſhall any means be ever us'd for their reſtauration, as being included under the eternal decree of Gods everlaſting diſpleaſure.] *This day*, (it ſeems then he had a day for his Incarnation or Nativity, though this profane age deny it him) by his Birth made a bleſſed Day. Proclaim'd by one Angel a joyful feaſt, obſerv'd by many for a feaſt of joy: By many Angels that day, and by all Saints ſince in all ages, as the Birth-day of no petty Prince, but the great Sovereign and Saviour of the World, who was an-

annointed and appointed for that purpoſe.

This is a true ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners.

And now having a Saviour (and ſuch a Saviour) for my ſubject, I ſhall bend my enquiries after his Perſon, Names, and Offices; his Actions and Paſſions, the ends of both, parallel his Divinity with his Humanity; his firſt, with his ſecond coming, and ſo conclude.

Firſt, then for the Object or Perſon here ſpoken of, who it is, who is this that comes ſayes *Eſay*? 'Tis he that was from eternity, before the Mountains were brought forth, or the foundations of the world were laid, God from everlaſting and world without end. The ſecond Perſon of the glorious Trinity, his Name *Jeſus*, (becauſe a Saviour) and *Chriſt the Lord*, (becauſe the anointed of God) the one anſwering his Divinity, the other his Humanity, and both his Office; deſign'd he was of old for mans Redemption, promiſed and prophefied of long before he came; as the Womans Seed, *Abrahams* Son, *David's* Throne

Throne, *Balaams* Scepter, *Eſay's Immanuel*, *Micahs* Ruler, and *Judahs* Lion; whom *Abraham* ſaw afar off, and *Balaam* beheld, but not nigh. In a word, he was the Light of the Gentiles, (becauſe to them he manifeſted himſelf by a ſtar) or rather by an Angel, (as ſome think in a pillar of fire) and the glory of his people *Iſrael*, (becauſe to them he was proclaimed by Angels.) Thus you have now ſeen who it is that is here ſpoken of, I now come to the act that he is here ſaid to do.

He came, he bow'd the Heavens and came down, exchanged his Fathers Boſome for the Virgins womb, and became *Immanuel, God with us. The expreſs image of his Father* takes the form of a Servant. Hee who in the beginning of time, made man in his own image, is in the fulneſs of time, made after our likeneſs, the Word, Fleſh; the Ancient of Dayes, a little Childe; the Higheſt Majeſty cloathed in the loweſt Miſery; the moſt high God, a Servant; and the Lord of Glory, a Man of Sorrows: Admire we may, but apprehend we cannot, the matchleſs Humility and unparallel'd

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Condeſcentions of our Bleſſed Savior that he that was ſo great, that the Heavens could not contain him, ſhould be ſo little, as to be circumſcrib'd in the Womb of a Virgin. That he that was ſo rich, that all the Gold and the Silver was his, and the Cattle upon a thouſand hills ſhould be ſo poor as to be deſtitute of a penny to pay *Cæſar* tribute, without being beholding to a fiſhes mouth. That he that was ſo powerful as to command the Devils to their Chains, ſhould be ſo meek as to ſuffer himſelf to be led like a Lamb to the ſlaughter. Yet thus he ſuffer'd it to be *to fulfill all Righteouſneſs*; and no thing did he think too much either to do or ſuffer for mans Redemption.

Man had ſinn'd againſt an infinite Majeſty; and ſatisfaction was to be made to an offended Deity; and that ſatisfaction to be as infinite as the nature of the tranſgreſſion was, which ſatisfaction could be given no other way but by ſuffering; that ſuffering no leſs then the utmoſt of an inraged and incenſed malice; that malice as general as men and devils; the puniſhment great, the puniſhers many; Heaven, Earth, and Hell,

Hell, (an angry God, an incenſt World, and an inraged Hell) and he that was to endure all this to be innocent. No man ſo pure, no Angel ſo powerful to undergo all this; God could not dye, nor Men or Angels bear ſuch a burthen, therefore it muſt be a God-man, (a God and Man united in one Perſon, the one to bear, the other to ſuffer; and ſuch a one was our Bleſſed Saviour, whoſe ſpotleſs innocency and unconquered Patience in his expreſſeſs pains, repreſents the refulgent Rayes of a Divine Power that kept frail Humanity from ſinking to deſperation under ſo great a preſſure; all muſt needs acknowledge that the miſeries he endured were unſpeakable, and his patience infinitely beyond a preſident. If we take but a ſtrict ſurvey of the means and miſeries that attend his Birth, the inexpreſſable grievances of his life, and the the ſadneſs of his death, we ſhall in each of theſe finde him demonſtrated a man of Sufferings.

He was born in little obſcure *Bethlehem*, not in great and glorious *Jeruſalem*, and not in a Palace there, (though the City of *David*) but an Inne, (a place

place of common resort.) Not in the gueſt Chamber, or choiceſt Room in the Inne, but in a Stable, a place of repoſe for Beaſts, (far unfit for the King of Kings Bed-chamber) the Lamb which all the Shepheards left their flocks to finde, is laid in a Manger; his attendants but mean and not many, his reputed Father and the Bleſſed Virgin; no ſooner eight dayes old, but the circumciſing knife (according to the Law) muſt paſs upon him (that came to fulfill both the Law and the Prophets) with the loſs of his Blood, (as an earneſt of that which after in a more abundant manner flowed from him.) And before two years old, is forc'd to flye for his Life when he could not go; his whole Life 'twas but a continual ſupply of Croſſes, from his *Alpha* in the Manger, to his *Omega* on Mount *Calvary*, from his Cradle to his Crucifixion; and from his Womb to his Tomb, he might truly be termed a *man of Sorrows*. When once he ſhewed himſelf to the world, how was he hunted like a Partridge upon the Mountains, in often hazards of his Life e're his hour was come he ſhould lay it down. He had not his mean

mean Birth for nothing, for as he was born under another mans roof, ſo all the time of his Life had he no houſe of his own; he that was Lord of all poſſeſt nothing. He was poorer then the Foxes, and not ſo rich as the Fowls of the Aire, (for the one had holes, the other had neſts) but he no place of his own to reſt in. (For a houſe he hath not a hole, for Lands he hath none, but what he treads upon; for moneys, a fiſh brings him a piece to pay his Tribute with; for pleaſure, the Croſs is his Cognizance; for Honour, Contempt is his common Livery.) How much ignomy and contempt did he paſs through, and how many opprobrious words did he patiently receive from the foul-mouth'd multitude, who were ever guilty of putting the worſt gloſſes and conſtructions on his actions. If he works miracles, they preſently twit him with his Parentage; *Is not this the Carpenters ſon? and can good come out of Nazareth.* If he converſe with ſinners, he muſt be one himſelf, or at leaſt a friend to them; and in that they ſpake truer then they were aware, (for he was the beſt friend that Sinners

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or Publicans ever had. If he heals a Cripple, or do any other work of mercy on the Sabbath day, he is presently censur'd for a profaner of the Sabbath. If he cast out Devils, he doth it by *Belzebub*; at last his *Exit* draws nigh, that all the miseries of his life shall be infinitely transcended by a painful and shameful death, as a sad preface to which (in order to the compleating the work of mans Redemption) begins his agony in the Garden, where indeed he receiv'd the first Relish of that bitter Cup of his Fathers Indignation which he was to drink of. Here began the travel and anguish of his Soul, that produc't those drops of bloody sweat, which in so plentiful a manner flowed from him in a cold Winters night. The conflict must needs be sharp that put him in such a heat in so cool an Air, as doubtless it was, for the sins of the whole world lay upon him. 'Twas thy sin, O man, caused this blood-shed: Thy guilt this sweat, that was the Sword, this the Fire which made this Blood and Sweat. *Adam* sinn'd in a Garden, Christ there sweats for it; his day lust made this night sweat. Man's spirit was distempered in *Eden*. God

dy therefore is thus bedew'd in *Gethſemane*; that we might not burn and fry in Hell, he thus ſweats and bleeds on earth; he ſuffers this horrid Agony for a time, that we ſhould not endure a helliſh and worſe extremity for ever; ſo he was Gods Holocauſt, that we might not be the Devils Burnt-offering. Beſides *Gethſemane's* pains, *Golgotha's* was upon him, thoſe floods of blood foreſeen made theſe drops trickle. The paſſion then to be acted on his body was now imprinted in his minde; the rage of Hell, the wrath of Heaven, the wretchedneſs of man, ingrateful man, for whoſe ſake all this was ſuffered, to ſave him from that wrath and Hell. Heaven, Earth, and Hell, all in Union to afflict one (though God and Man) muſt needs make a heavy conflict, a bloody Agony. And that it might not be long e're he finiſh that on Mount *Calvary*, which he hath ſo ſadly begun here, (that the one might be but a ſhort and ſharp preface to the other) he is betrayed; he that did eat at his Table with him kicks up his heel againſt him, and traytor-like betrayes him with a kiſs, and delivers him into the hands of his cruel ene-

mies, who with an unlimited rage do begin to abuse him, and is now tost like a Ball from one place to another, whilst malice is inventing new tortures. He is first brought to the house of *Annas* the high Priest, (who restrains not the inraged multitude from venting their malice in revenge) thence is sent to *Caiaphas*, (another of the Devils Sanedrims) who had formerly in a Council resolved he should dye, yet now palliating the design with the scheme of a Tribunal. They seek out for Witnesses, and the Witnesses are to seek out for Allegations; and when they finde them, they are to seek for proof; and those proofs were to seek for unity and consent; but all too short to reach his innocency: he is sent to *Pilate*, who (understanding him to belong to *Herods* Jurisdiction) sends him to *Herod*, who sets him at naught, and his men of War abuse him; (what else to be expected from rude Souldiers, whose very sports are cruelty) then sent back again to *Pilate*, attended with the hiddeous exclamations of the Rabble-rout, whose note (as they pass along) nothing but Crucifie. The Roman President (smelling malice in the business

ſineſs) uſes ſeveral arguments of perſwaſion, to appeaſe the multitude, and aſſwage their malice, in order to the ſaving of his life. The firſt drawn from his Innocency, I finde no fault in him; nor yet *Herod*, he is an innocent Perſon; one ſo far from deſerving death, that I cannot finde he ever did any thing to merit a reproof; (malice it ſelf cannot taxe him of any Crime except Innocency be Criminal) here I bring him forth to you, that you may know that he is clear from all objections, and nothing juſtly to be laid to his charge; and no fault, no ſentence. I that ſit in the place of Judicature muſt not commit ſo great a piece of injuſtice as the ſentencing an Innocent to death. But this not ſatisfying the multitude, he delivers him over to bloody chaſtiſements: ſo he is torn with Whips, crowned with Thorns, blinde-folded, derided, and buffeted, even to the wearying of his tormentours. *Pilate* (being himſelf mov'd with pitty at the ſight) preſents him in this forlorne and dolorous condition to them; that his blood might become a mantle to him; that if his innocency could not ſpeak ſufficiently for him, his ſorrows might. *Be-*

hold the man, behold an Innocent afflicted, one without Crime miſerably chaſtiz'd; who can behold him without pitty, no heart (unleſs harder then Adamant) but muſt needs melt into tears at ſuch a ſight; no malice (except altogether implacable) but would be appeas'd with ſuch ſharp and ſo undeſerved revenge. I appeal to you all whether he be not an object of pitty rather then further cruelty; and whether you have not greater reaſon to bewail his miſery then encreaſe it: but this will not do. No ſorrows which are not mortal; no ſufferings which are not deadly; no blood but the heart-blood can ſatisfie the malicious; and therefore albeit he was crown'd with Thorns, and flead with Whips, they ſtill cry Execution, Execution; *Let him be crucified.*

But *Pilate* (notwithſtanding theſe obſtinate repulſes) again ſolicites them to ſave his life, (and that his arguments might be crown'd with ſucceſſe) he changes his ſtile from a man of ſorrows, preſents him as a King of ſufferings; that ſo his dignity might prevail where his miſeries could not; and that the ma-

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jeſty of the Sufferer might aggravate his ſufferings and their cruelty, beſpeaks them thus: *Behold your King*, behold a King deprived of his comforts, ſpoiled of all his goods, ſold by his Brethren, apprehended by his ſubjects, ſcourged as a villain, derided as a fool. Behold a King, who hath no other uſe of majeſty, but to aggravate his miſery. Behold a King, whoſe ſufferings are as tranſcendent as his perſon. Behold a King who hath ſuffered things bitterer then death. Behold a King (yea your King) how he hath ſuffered every thing but death, and ſhall that malice of yours purſue him even to death it ſelf: ſhall I crucifie your King; will ye have me to bring innocent blood upon my own head as well as yours, and be a ſharer with you in ſo hateful a ſin? For my part I'le have no hand in it, and let me adviſe you to have none neither; wherefore let me requeſt you to deſiſt from ſo bloody a deſign. And if ye have no regard neither to his Innocency, ſufferings, nor majeſty, look upon your own reputations, which will ſuffer much for putting ſuch a perſon to death. Do not you know (I mean you that are the Do-

ctors of the Law, and the elders of the People) that the name of a King is Sacred, God owns it as one of his Titles, and them as his Vicegerents that repreſent himſelf, who is the great Monarch of Heaven and Earth; and their Perſons as ſacred as their Names, being ſubject to no Tribunal but that of Heaven; no Judge but the higheſt: Wherefore to offer violence to one that bears that Title, were a piece of ſuch unparallel'd cruelty, for which your ſelves could produce no example, nor the world a preſident; all Nations would cry ſhame at ſo horrid a Fact, and your own Conſciences would flye in your faces for committing ſo hainous a Crime. Away then with ſo bloody a motion, you that pretend your ſelves ſuch Zealots, ſtain not your hands with ſuch blood, nor your ſouls with the guilt of it, leſt ye bring ſuch an odium on your Nation, which your ſelves nor poſterity ſhall be ever able to take off. But all his rhetorick will not ſerve turn; for their guilty Conſciences told them that they had already done more then they could juſtifie: Therefore the more he perſwades, the

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more they exclaim, leſt their King might have out-liv'd his wounds, recover'd his loſſes, and turn'd his Reed into a Scepter; they earneſtly importune the Judge to diſpatch him. Let him be Crucified: He is no King of ours; if he were, we ſhould not thus proſecute him: *We have no King but Cæſar*, and thou art not *Cæſars* friend if thou let him go. 'Tis not his innocency, nor his ſorrows, nor his majeſty which thou ſo much plead'ſt for, ſhall ſatisfie us: 'Tis his deſerved death which we ſue for, and nought but that ſhall excuſe him. Take thou no care, if he dye unjuſtly, the guilt ſhall lie on us, not thee. Wherefore act thou thy part, perform thy office, and we will ours; as thou ſitteſt in judgement to do juſtice, expreſs it by thy condemnation of this man. Thou ſeeſt the proofs are clear, and evidence perſpicuous. Therefore without any more delayes, excuſes, or apologies, pronounce the ſentence, we will ſee it executed.

Pilate finding all his reaſons too ſhort to convince unreaſonable men, is now brought to his laſt ſhift, and that's to make him a donative and freeman at the

Petition of the People; but they prefer *Barabbas*, a Rebel, a Murderer, before the Saviour of the World; deſire to have him Crucified, who raiſed the dead; and to have the other releaſed, who deſtroyed the living. *Pilate* now finding that all his projects were fruſtrated, and no way left to ſave his life, calls for water, and waſhes his hands before them as innocent of his Blood, but (being a timorous man) afraid of the Jews, leſt they ſhould mutiny or tell tales to his maſter, (whereby he might loſe either his place or *Cæſars* favour) delivers up the moſt unſpotted perſon in the world into the hands of malice, to glut it ſelf with revenge in the exerciſing the moſt exquiſite torments, and expatiating them to the longeſt thread of miſery; but as if all this did not adde enough to the ſadneſs of his tragedy, he muſt (after all this) dye, and the worſt of deaths, [the Croſs] onely inflicted on moſt notorious offenders, and betwixt two infamous Thieves, (the worſt ſort of companions.) In order to which, he is led forth of the holy (now the bloody) City *Jeruſalem* to the place of Execution, bearing his own Croſs, his head adorn'd with his Crown of Thorns, which was not at all pull'd off,

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(so it became the King of sufferings not to lay aside his imperial thorns till they were chang'd into Diadems of glory) he advances Mount *Calvary*, (a place difficult in the ascent, eminent and apt for the publication of shame, a hill of death and dead bones) where he is stript naked, who cloathes the field with flowers, and all the world with robes, and the whole Globe with the Canopy of Heaven. A gay spectacle to satisfie impious eyes, who would not stay behinde, but attend the hangman to see the catastrophe of this bloody tragedy; he is now fastened to his Cross, and heaven and earth (all creatures in both) vailed in blacks to lament his obsequies, as if terrified at his sufferings, whilst men and devils conspire to encrease them, that he might have no sense, but that of misery. How are all his senses at once tormented in him, (and he in all of them) his eyes in seeing nothing but what disconsolated and afflicted him; either his enemies rejoycing at his sufferings, or his friends (those few poor friends he had) lamenting his miseries. His ears play'd upon from every side with whole volleys of fearful Blasphemies: *If thou be the King of Israel, descend from the*

Cross, (cry the Jews.) *If thou be the Christ, save thy self and us*, (sayes one of his fellow sufferers.) For his smell, I'le not offend the nice and delicate with commemorating the noisomness of the place, and the abominable stench he there was sensible of. For his taste, he had nothing administred it, to sweeten the bitterness of death, but Gall and Vinegar. For his feeling, we have spoken of that before, (if it were not altogether unspeakable what he felt.) In a word, all heads are working, and all hands busied in lengthning his torments, and now tormentours, and tormented both weary, (the one in doing, the other in suffering) he yields up the ghost. But their malice doth not terminate with him, though he be dead, their malice still lives, which we shall see presently break forth; for though *Joseph* of *Arimathea*, (one of their Councel, but not against his life) had begg'd the Body of *Pilate*, they also go to *Pilate* fraught with malice against his memory, (that had done their worst to his Person) and bespeak *Pilate*: *Sir, This deceiver said whilst he was yet alive, that in three dayes he should rise again;*

therefore let his Sepulchre be made ſure with a guard, leſt his Diſciples come and ſteal him away by night, and ſay he is riſen. *Pilate* grants their requeſt, and now they triumph in their villany, and think perpetually to keep him there whom they had brought thither. Is this the Saviour of the World, ſay they, that could not ſave himſelf? Where now are theſe dreaming ſhepherds who ſpake ſo big of a quire of Angels that ſhould ſing his Nativity? Where thoſe Angels that they come not to his Reſcue? Where are thoſe beſotted vulgar that rob'd the trees of their branches, and themſelves of their garments, to ſtrow his way to *Jeruſalem*, and ſang *Hoſannahs* to him as the Son of *David*, a Saviour of the world? Have not we laid their *Hoſannahs* in the duſt? and he whom they adored as a Deity, executed as a Malefactor? Is this he that would deliver *Iſrael*, that could not himſelf? We do not expect ever to be delivered by ſo mean a hand, and ſo ſlender a retinue; we expect a glorious Prince with a Princely train of unconquer'd warriors, not a Carpenters Son, and ſilly Fiſher-men: God

never gave us any promiſe or preſident of ſuch a Saviour. We know that 'twas by a ſtrong arm he delivered our Fathers out of *Egypt*, and that he gave them Saviours afterwards when they were in *Canaan*, ſuch as by force of Arms broke the bonds of their oppreſſours; and are not we involv'd in as miſerable ſlavery and bondage as ever our fathers were? Hath not the invincible Roman Eagle ſpread his wings o're the greateſt part of the world, and ſeized many Kingdoms with his ravenous talons, (making Kings his Prey, and Scepters his Conqueſt) and who but a mighty Saviour can deliver us and our Countrey from ſo potent an adverſary? If this be he that undertook to do it, or were ſent from God for the purpoſe, where's his power to make him ſo? where's his red-coat Souldiers, whoſe very garments might ſpeak nothing but blood and death to our inſulting foes? where's his Magazin and Money, his Swords and Piſtols, his Granadoes and Murdering-pieces, his Captains and Officers to lead his Army, that they did not perfect that happy work, but ſuffer their Lord and Maſter thus to fall.

O fools and slow of heart to believe what the Prophets have spoken; ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? was he not long before propheſied of to come in the form of a ſervant, not in the gayiſh magnificence of an earthly Prince; that he ſhould be a man of ſorrows, and by his ſufferings ſhould purchaſe freedom and happineſs for inthrall'd mankinde. How exactly doth your Prophet *Eſay* pourtray to the life both his perſon and ſufferings, and writes of him in the preſent Tenſe, not the Future, as a thing then really acted, not after to be fulfilled, as more becoming an Evangeliſt then a Prophet, in giving rather a Hiſtory of his ſufferings then a Prediction of them. But leſt ye ſhould not think one witneſs enough, look upon all the Prophets that have been ſince the World began, you will finde, they did all unanimouſly breathe with one mouth the myſtery of his coming, and of that redemption which by his death he was to accompliſh. Was not his Birth long before propheſied of, as to the time, manner, and place of it, his Perſon, Names, and Offices, his Tribe and Fami-

Family, his eternal Generation, the union of his God-head with his Humanity, his Humiliation upon earth, his perfect obedience to his Father, his riding to *Jerusalem* in triumph, the Childrens *Hosannahs*, his Agony in the Garden, the manner of his delivery, the price he was sold for, the flight of his Disciples, the parting his garments, the piercing his hands and his feet, his revilings on the Cross, his companions in death, his patience in suffering, his dying words for whom he should lay down his life, and whom he should conquer; and what clearer proof could ye desire then the mouths and attestations of so many Witnesses: and could ye be so blinde as not to discover this to be he that was of old designd, and foretold to be the Worlds Saviour: did ye not behold a majesty in the sufferer? did not the resulgent beams of his divinity shine through the greatest clouds of his adversity? and did not Humility and Glory go hand in hand through the several passages of his life and death, that by miracles as well as miseries he might convince the the world? That he should abase himself so low, as

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to be born of a Virgin, that ſpake his humility; but to have his Incarnation publiſht by an heavenly hoſt, and Kings to riſe to the brightneſs of his coming, this his glory: To ſuffer himſelf to be baptized in the common river of *Jordan*, that ſpeaks his humility; but there to be proclaim'd the onely beloved Son and Saviour of the world, both by the teſtimony of the Father, and preſence of the Holy Ghoſt, this his glory: To receive the ſlaunders of his Countrey-men, that he caſt out devils by *Belzebub*, that ſpake his humility; but to make the devils confeſs him to be the Son of the Higheſt, this his glory: To ſuffer death, even the death of the Croſs, that ſpeaks his humility; but to make the foundations of the World to ſhake, the Sun to vail it ſelf in black, the Moon to hide her head, the rocks to rend, and the vail of the Temple to part in ſunder at his yielding up of the ghoſt, this his glory: To be laid in another Mans Sepulchre, that ſhews his humility; but to make the Graves to open to receive him as their Lord, and the dead to riſe to atteſt his Divinity, this his glory: To ſuffer himſelf

ſelf to be ſeal'd up in his Sepulchre with a guard of Souldiers to keep him there, that was humility; but in that houſe of death to have the viſits of Angels, and to riſe from thence by his own power, this his glory: To ſojourn forty dayes on that earth where he had been ſo cruelly handled, ſpeaks his humility; but to have a Convoy of Angels to fetch him away, and to aſcend on high with ſuch a guard of attendants, in view of ſo many witneſſes, this his glory. And thus did he evidence his mediatorſhip by the loweſt humiliation of his humanity, and exaltation of his divinity, by the glorious miracles; by the one he did do, and the inſufferable injuries in the other, he did undergo. How many glorious Miracles did he work? certainly if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in *Tyre* and *Sydon*, they had repented long ago in ſackcloth and aſhes. Did he not feed your admiring multitudes, 5000. of them at one time with five barley loaves and two fiſhes, and twelve baskets of fragments to ſpare? Did he not turn water into wine, heal the ſick, make the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the

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blinde to see, and the dumb to sing? Did he not cleanse the Leper, cast out devils, raise the dead, even a *Lazarus* that had been a four dayes prisoner in the Grave? Many things of him were remarkable, and suited with him as he was the *Messiah*, as to his Birth, Death, and Burial: He was born under *Augustus Cæsar* at such a time, when there was an universal peace o're the whole world; to shew that he was the Prince of Peace, and came to reconcile his Father to fallen man. In *Bethlehem* the house of bread, for him that was the bread of life, and the life of the world. In an Inne, (a place of common resort for all persons) to shew that all persons should have free admission to him, and that he was in publick to manifest himself to the world. He was Crucified without the Gates of *Jerusalem*, to shew that he died for those out of the pale of the Church; on Mount *Calvary*, a place of Death, to shew that he came to destroy Death; on a Cross, to shew that that was the way to a Crown; and by his sufferings on that tree of shame, he purchast for us diadems of glory. He was buried in a Grave cut out of a Rock,

Rock to shew that he was the Stone cut out of the mountain; a Grave untouch't, for a body undefil'd, in a Garden where mankinde was lost, for him by whom the world was saved. But this is not all; he was a King, and such a one you lookt for; but here's the difference, you lookt for one to come in outward pomp and splendor, he in meekness and humility; (for the glory of his Kingdom consists not in outward shew, but hidden splendor) you lookt for a temporal Saviour, he an eternal; you, to be freed in bodies and estates, he to save your souls; (in comparison of which the whole world is not worthy a name) you to be delivered from the Romane yoke, he from the Devils Tyranny. The weapons of his warfare were spiritual, and his glory not temporal; witness his progress to the Royal City; for instead of Chariots, and Steeds, and Trains of State, he hath not a Beast, but a borrowed one to ride upon, no Crown on his head, no Scepter in his hand, no Cloth of State over him, no pretious Furniture about him, no Tissue upon him, no Caparisons of Gold under him; no rich Carpets and curi-

curious Tapeſtries before him; no Heralds in Robes; no Clarions; no Trumpets to proclaim him; and yet *Solomon* in all his glory was not arrayed like this Lilly of the Vallies. No Coats of Arms like his Fiſher-mens; no Laurels to the peoples Boughs; no Veſts of beaten Gold to their ſpread Clothes; no Troops of Nobles to his Trains; no Grandees to his Diſciples (which have even the Devils themſelves for their ſubjects) no Heralds to the Babes that bleſs him; no *Salve's*, no *Jo's*, no *Ave's* to the Hooſanna's and Benizons beſtowed on him. He was a King (as he told *Pilate*) but 'twas of another world; his Throne Heaven, the Angels his Courtiers, and the whole Creation his Subjects; his Judicatory the Courts of Conſcience and Church Tribunals, and at Doomſday the Clouds. It was ordered by Divine Providence that you ſhould put him to death, elſe you ſhould never have had the power to have done it. Had he pleas'd, he could have call'd Legions of Angels to his reſcue, (one of which armed with his permiſſion, is able to deſtroy a world.) In teſtimony of which, did not the whole

whole fabrick of heaven and earth acknowledge him, whom the devils themſelves beheld with terrour, and are you ſo ſtupified as not to take notice of him, did not you ſee the rocks rend at his Paſſion, and are you ſo ſenſeleſs as to think that a ſtone ſhall bar his Reſurrection? Did ye not hear of dead Saints walking up and down the City, and do you think to hinder it in a dead Saviour? Was not a whole band of you ſtruck down with a word of his Mouth, and can a watch keep him from riſing up; though your Souldiers be too ſtrong for weak Diſciples, are they able to contend with Angels? 'Twas ſtrange that he that was immortal ſhould taſte of death, but impoſſible that he ſhould ſee corruption. Wherefore notwithſtanding all your guards he ſhall riſe the third day, all the powers of hell ſhall be too weak to detain him longer, or hinder his return to his Fathers Boſom, there to continue till the laſt day: and then this Carpenters Son ſhall come in the Clouds with Power and great Glory, and thoſe ſilly Fiſhermen ſit upon twelve Trones, and judge the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. Look there-

therefore on him now with faith, whom elſe you ſhall then behold with horrour and amazement; and now mourn, leſt then too late ye repent; ſtrive to have an intereſt in his Blood, as well as a hand in his Death.

And now dear Chriſtian, let me requeſt thee ſeriouſly to look back, admire, and make a right uſe of thy Saviours ſufferings; behold his readineſs to ſuffer, his willingneſs to ſave, the unſpeakableneſs of his pains, the greatnes of his patience, and the luſtre of his victory: How ready was he to ſave? how did his bowels yearn for loſt man? After the loſt ſheep of the houſe of *Iſrael* was he come, and to ſave ſinners was his errand? how ready was he to lay down his life? when they came with Swords and Staves to apprehend him, did he not betray himſelf by his ſo ready a confeſſion, *I am he?* How did he haſten that bitter cup, and how was he ſtraitned till he did ſuffer? Did he not forbid Saint *Peter* the uſe of his Sword, though in ſo juſt a quarrel as his defence? How ready was he to pardon? how meek and patient in his ſufferings? Was he not the Lamb dumb before

before the ſhearers that opened not his mouth; who being revil'd, revil'd not again, but prayed for his enemies whilſt they blaſphem'd him; which prayer of his was ſo prevalent with his father, that in fifty five dayes it occaſioned the converſion of eight thouſand of his enemies at one time. Chriſts ſufferings did as far tranſcend any other as his Perſon; but they were but for a time (they did not laſt alwayes) every Day hath his Night, every Summer its Winter, every Spring his Fall, and every Life his Death; and as ſome nights are darker then other, ſome Autumns more unſeaſonable, ſome Winters more ſharp, and ſome Deaths more (yea much more) cruel then others be: ſome men fall like fruit, others are cut down like trees; ſome cut up as the flower, others by the root; ſome men dye onely, others with torment, (which is two or more deaths in one;) but among all deaths that ever were ſuffer'd, never any ſo ſtrange, never any ſo ſad as our Saviours was; for in it both pain and patience met in their extremities, pain did her worſt to overcome patience, and patience her beſt to overcome pain;

pain; and yet neither had pain the upper hand, though it kill'd, nor patience loſt, though Chriſt dyed; ſuch was his paſſion, that the whole world cannot ſample it with its parallel; for Chriſts pain was ſuch, as never creature felt, and his patience ſo great, as for all the ſorrow he felt on the Croſs, he is not ſaid to have utter'd a groan there; ſo that it may eaſily be diſcerned, that patience had the victory, becauſe pain could neither make her leave the field till ſhe liſt, nor bring her to any conditions but her own, (which were moſt honourable.) Though God be crucified, Life be dead, and Righteouſneſs ſuffer, all effected, yet nothing done to advance the contrary party. For through his body, Death ſlew it ſelf, and Sin and Satan took their deadly wounds; for now the fleſh hath loſt her life, and ſin in that, his throne; and death with it, his ſting; and the grave (with this) his power; and hell with them her keys; and the devil with all his victory: whilſt he hangs deſpicably on the tree of ſhame, the powers of Hell are dragg'd captive after the triumphant Chariot of his Croſs.

Well

Well might he therefore say, *'Tis finished*; for the Satisfaction is full, Salvation sure, Sin is nail'd, Hell foil'd, Satan chain'd, the World baffled, the Flesh wounded, Death slain, the Grave buried, and every Adversary-power conquer'd by Christ Triumphant over all; all is finished, mans redemption compleated, and that perfected he came about. *This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.*

But what is all this to us, what is it to know that Christ is a Saviour, if he be not ours? what to know, that he came to save the world, if we are not one of the world, he came to save; what to know, that his death is satisfactory, to expiate the Justice of his Father, if we have no interest in it. I answer, that as Christ hath done his part, so must we do ours; (if ever we hope to have part in his sufferings) he never came to save any that had no minde of salvation, (or to use those means which he hath appointed for all those that shall inherit eternal life;) as he did both do and suffer for us, 'tis requisite we should either do or suffer some-

ſomething for him. His love to us, and ſufferings for us were unſpeakable, and they juſtly challenge our deepeſt affection and admiration, that he ſhould purchaſe our happineſs at ſo dear a rate as his own Blood; that God ſhould be in gore, that Man might be in bliſs; the Prince of Life ſhould dye, that the Childe of Death might live; that he ſhould ſuffer on a Croſs, that we might not in Hell. Did he ſweat for our guilt, and ſhall not we weep for our own, and diſſolve into love and tears for our dying Lord. O my Soul, ſhew thy affection to him, that expreſt ſo much to thee! love him above thy life, to ſerve him think millſtones light, to ſuffer for him make tortures pleaſures, hate ſin more then death, the Crown of pride as his Thorns, thy hearts luſt, as his ſpear; thy iron neck, and evil works and wayes, as his nails, their habit, as the hammer which drives them home into his heart, and his hands and feet. Think not any thing enough thou ſuffereſt for his ſake (that ſuffer'd ſo much for thine.) Though violent tongues were laid on our Credit, Hands of Rapine on our Eſtates, of Bondage on

our Perſons, of Blood on our Lives, be ſo far from ſhrinking at it, that hadſt thou for one a thouſand ſouls, give all to his ſervice; a thouſand bodies, all to his ſuffering; a thouſand heads, all to his ſtudy; a thouſand hearts, bate not one to thy Saviour; a thouſand lives, lay out all to his honour. Hadſt thou two thouſand hands, let them all do his buſineſs; two thouſand feet, let them all go his errands: If thou ſhouldſt not, thou wert unworthy of ſuch a Saviour.

Now that we may know the cauſe (or cauſes) of Chriſts coming, and underſtand our own duty, (in order to the making it a happy coming to us) be pleaſed to take notice of theſe following Particulars.

There are (ſaith one) four cauſes of mans ſalvation: The Efficient cauſe. The Meritorious cauſe. The Inſtrumentall cauſe. And the final cauſe.

Firſt, The Efficient cauſe, which is the love of God. 'Twas Gods love to the world that cauſed him to ſend his Son into the world. Had he not loved the world, he would not have permitted his Son to dye for the world. And he that denied

denied us not his Son, who is Heir of all things, will not deny us any thing whereof he is heir.

Secondly, the Meritorious cauſe, that is Chriſt. 'Twas his Merits that purchaſt our happineſs; his Blood that gives us a right and title to that glorious, undefiled, and unfading Inheritance, which he aforehand hath taken poſſeſſion of.

Thirdly, the Inſtrumental cauſe, that is Faith. Chriſt is the onely cure of our leprous ſouls, Faith the hand to conveigh his merits to us. Suppoſe a plaiſter of a ſovereign nature were laid by a man dangerouſly wounded, be the Plaiſter never ſo excellent, he may dye of his wounds if it be not applied to him, (for without an active hand to apply the plaiſter to the ſore, the worth of it is not at all available.) Chriſt (ſaith one) may be compared to ſoap, Faith to the hand of the Landreſs; though ſoap (in it ſelf) be of a purifying nature, yet without the hand of the Landreſs it does nothing. The Apoſtle tells us, *that we are ſaved by Faith*; but that we may underſtand what that ſaving Faith is which the Apoſtle ſpeaks of, we are to preſent it

firſt in the Negative, what 'tis not; then in the Affirmative, what it is. Not an Hiſtorical Faith onely, for that the Devils and damned in hell have, (that ſhall never receive any benefit at all by the death of Chriſt) they know that Chriſt came into the world, and that he ſuffered, and that a day will come in which he ſhall be revealed from Heaven in flaming fire, when he ſhall take vengeance on all the ungodly of the Earth, and compleat their torments. Not a Temporary Faith; 'tis not to be a Saint for ones ends, and a Devil at ones pleaſure; they that make a profeſſion of Chriſtianity muſt perſevere to the end; for none but he that endures to the end, ſhall reach the end of Chriſts coming, or his own ſalvation. It muſt not be a mental Faith neither; 'tis not the hearer, or the ſpeaker, but the doer that ſhall be bleſſed. Many that ſhall ſay, *Lord, Lord,* ſhall be ſhut out of his Kingdom. It muſt be a true Faith, and to evidence it to be ſuch a one, it muſt work by love, breaking forth into practice, and bringing forth fruit worthy of Repentance, and amendment of life. A Faith that's opera-

operative in the whole man, and ſhews it ſelf in the life of the believer, that all men may judge of the Cauſe by the Effects.

Laſtly, the Final cauſe is the glory of God: that the glory of his mercy might as well be advanc't in reducing a remnant (or ſmall number) out of the maſs of mankinde (under wrath) to chant forth his Praiſes to all eternity, as well as to let his Juſtice manifeſt it ſelf in the condemnation of others, he contriv'd a way to ſave ſome (when all had otherwiſe been loſt:) This, this was it that was a motive to induce God to ſend a Saviour to the world to dye for it.

This is a true ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners.

And thus you have now ſeen the object of my diſcourſe (and of all our faiths) deſcribed; you have ſeen the act, what he did, that he came; the end he came for, that it was to ſave; the means by which he did ſave, that it was by ſuffering; thoſe ſufferings, that of death; what death, that of the Croſs: the ſignal victory he obtain'd by theſe his ſufferings

for mankinde (over the enemies of our ſalvation) and the benefits which acrue to mankinde by thoſe ſufferings.

But this is not all, for as ſure as he came once, he ſhall come again, but not in ſuch obſcurity, but with more reſplendency: at his firſt coming he was onely viſible to a part or corner of the world; at his ſecond, he ſhall be manifeſt to all, and every Eye ſhall ſee him. That Sun which then ſhin'd on the houſe of *Jacob*, ſhall now extend its rayes to all the Families of the Earth. He that then came as a Lamb, (the Lamb of God, to take away the ſins of the world) ſhall now come as a Lion (the Lion of the tribe of *Judah*) to judge the world. He that then came in the form of a ſervant, ſhall now come in the Equipage of a Prince, in the head of a Royal Army of Saints and Angels. As he then came to receive an unjuſt ſentence, he ſhall now come to give right to all Nations, and to determine the controverſie of mankinde. And they that would not own him in the Manger, ſhall dread him in his Majeſty. They that deſpiſed him in the Clouts, ſhall be afraid to behold him in the Clouds.

Clouds. They that denied him at the Bar, ſhall be amazed to ſee him on the Bench. They that derided him on the Croſs, ſhall tremble to ſee him on the Throne. They that would not participate of his Sufferings, ſhall never ſhare in his Triumphs. And thoſe that deny to follow him in Grace, ſhall never reach him in Glory.

Now, to perſwade our ſelves that we are of the number of thoſe for whom our Saviour ſhed his Blood, let us witneſs our intereſt in his firſt coming, by our longing for his ſecond: That as the old Character of Gods people was, to wait for the Conſolation of *Iſrael*, (Chriſts firſt coming) we may look and long for his ſecond, as the eſpouſed Maid doth after the Marriage, as the Apprentice for his Freedom, the Captive for his Ranſom, the Traveller for his Inne, the Marriner for the Haven, we may look for and haſten the coming of that day of God. And to this end, that we miſpend not any of our precious time, but redeem it to our utmoſt advantage; and not be weary of well doing, but perſevering in our devoirs to-

wards him, till we ſhall be tranſlated from theſe tranſient and ſhort lived troubles, to thoſe tranſcendent, and unſpeakable, and unchangeable Glories: That when the trump, and all mankinde ſtand to receive their doom, we may behold the Judges face with joy.

In a word, let me once more requeſt you to be conſtant and immoveable, (not to extol him to day, and blaſpheme him to morrow) ſing *Hoſannah's* to day, and *Crucifige's* the next. Though the fickle Rabble change, let us not alter; the *Hoſannah's* that was then, let us cry now. Cry it at the Croſs with the Penitent Thief, that we may ſing it on the Throne with the glorified Apoſtles; and for the Hoſanna of the Saints, ſing the Hallelujahs of the Angels; when we ſhall receive with their gifts of Bliſs, their tongues and ſongs of Glory. *Amen.*

Obſer.

Obſervations on the Vanity and Inconſtancy of Worldly Glory.

I Know that it hath ſtill been the continual practice of the prince of darkneſs, to infatuate the mindes of men with an over high eſtimation of the things of this life; and by putting out of their memories the thoughts of a better, teaching them to prefer preſent pleaſures before future felicities) and ſo greedily have men in all ages ſuckt in this poiſon, and ſuffer'd themſelves to be drawn away by the falſe deluſions of this ſubtle deceiver, that he that ſhall now go about to inveigh againſt worldly Glory, ſhall be ſure to meet with more admiring and deriding ſpeculators, then credulous approbators: however, ſince I have undertaken it, I ſhall endea-

vour to unvail this grand Impoſtour, paint the World to the life, and her Favorites in their colours, ſhew the various infelicities that attend the ſeverall ages and degrees of men in it; and from theſe humane miſeries draw ſuch wholeſome concluſions, as may inſtruct my Reader how to be fitted for a better life; where change ſhall never impair our condition, nor want nip our joyes, nor adverſity cloud our happineſs, nor contention diſturb our peace, nor miſery eclipſe our glory, (a life as truly glorious and permanent, as this is vain and fading.) In order to which I ſhall preſent the world to view. Firſt, whole and entire; then cut up and anatomiz'd, taking the liberty in Method and Diſtribution, ſo to place my Diviſions, Subdiviſions, Notions, as may beſt ſerve for brevity, perſpicuity, my purpoſe, and the Readers benefit.

The World for its frailty and inconſtancy is by St. *John* compared to a ſea of glaſſe, *Revel.* 4. 6. For its frailty glaſs, for its inconſtancy a ſea: A ſea ſwelling with pride, blown with envy, boyling with anger, deep with avarice,

frothy

frothy with Luxury: It is a ſea tempeſtuous with controverſies, ſtormy with afflictions, tumultuous with diſorders, fraught with vexation and miſery, and all things in it ſweeter in the ambition then fruition. The ſea yields an obedient conformity to the motions of the Moon, and ſwells higheſt in a joyfull imitation when ſhe is in the Spring-tyde of her light, either towards the heavens, (as in the change) or towards the Earth, (as in the full) and as ſhe doth wax or wane, ſo doth it either flow into a Pleuriſie, or ebb into a Conſumption of its waters. And even thus is the World the Page of Fortune, whoſe unconſtant and ever changing motions do hurry about, like ſpokes in a Wheel, the condition of all mortals. We have it confirmed to us by a more then Humane Authority, (1 Cor. 7. 31.) *That the glory of this world paſſeth away.* An Hour-glaſſe doth change its poſture every hour, and that part which was even now above, is now below; that which was but now full, is now empty; nor can one ſide be filled, but by emptying the other. Such is the world, every moment turn'd upſide

side down, and men are now full, now empty: Nor can they often fill themselves without the ruine and prejudice of others; and although sometimes it be at the full of glory, yet is it even then like her also mingled with the spots of adversity, and subject to the change of every moment. And therefore (as 'tis reported) at the Consecration of the Popes, the Master of the Ceremonies going before carries in one hand a burning Taper, in the other a stick with some flax tied on the top thereof; which he setting on fire, cryes with a loud voice, *Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*: Holy Father, so passeth away the glory of this world. The plenty of Histories in this kinde exceeds our Arithmetick. Every particular mans condition (almost) being a Volumn of the Worlds frailty, and a constant witness of its inconstancy. *Adonibezek*, who had been the triumphant Victor over seventy Kings, and in his wanton cruelty had cut off their thumbs, &c. and made them pick up the crumbs under his table, (inforcing the Act, and depriving them of the power) making them do that which he had

had diſinabled them to perform) was e're long in full meaſure paid home for his cruel frolicks, which made him cry out, that he was juſtly requited, *Judg.* 1.7. *Nebuchadnezzars* unparallel'd Metamorphoſis who knoweth not, who from a man (and ſo great a King) became a beaſt in nature now, as he was in practice before: (to ſhew that when men ſin againſt the light of nature, they may ſuffer againſt the law of nature.)

It is reported of *Dimetrius*, (one of *Alexander* the Great's Captains) that in the whole circle of his life (being ſixty four years, after the meaſure of his age had ſtil'd him a man) never continued three years in one condition. Of *Julius Cæſar* alſo (that great awer of the world, and victorious Martialliſt) it is doubted whether in the whole courſe of his life, fortune were an indifferent Arbitrer to him of good and evil ſucceſs; but in the ſadneſs of his death, (no doubt) all his lifes Happineſſe was exceedingly over-balanced, who in the Zenith and higheſt erection of his glory, with twenty three wounds, the deepeſt whereof given him by his deareſt *Brutus*, in the

Se-

Senate house, yielded up his life a sacrifice to the peoples liberty. The like unhappy Change pursued the ever Renowned (and once highly advanc't General) *Bellizarius*, who after he had triumphed over the Persians, and reduced to the Roman obedience all *Africa* and *Italy*, (so long possest by the Goths and Vandals) his Wife (that was given him for an help, became the onely help to his destruction) whose insolent behaviour against the Empresse, (like windes thrown upon the seas) rais'd such billows of indignation in the Emperour, that this mans fortune was put to utter shipwrack, not onely to the loss of his goods, but of the means by which he might get more, (his sight) and forc't to beg his Bread, with a *Da Obolo Bellizario*. Thus he that had made Armies flye, Kingdoms quake, and Kings his Captives, is now an humble Petitioner to the meanest for a bit of bread. 'Tis storied of *Dyonisius* King of *Syracusa*, that he represented the brittle felicity of his Kingdom to his Parasite *Democles*, (who had made his happiness to seem exceeding great, through the multiply-

ing

ing-glaſs of his flattery) by ſeating him in a Royal Throne at a ſumptuous banquet with all the ſtate and glory of the Kingdom about him, but withall a naked ſword hanging over his head onely held by a horſe-hair, which every minute threatned his deſtruction. It was the cuſtom of the ancient Romans in their triumphs for a ſlave to ride behinde in the Chariot with the Triumpher, who did often whiſper unto him to look behinde him, (there being likewiſe a Whip and a Bell tied to the Chariot) to admoniſh him, that notwithſtanding the preſent exaltation of his honour, he might be brought to ſuch a degree of calamity, as to be ſcourged or put to death, of which the Bell was the ſign.

How hath the World frowned on thoſe ſhe ſometimes ſmil'd on, and made them that ſeem'd the happieſt moſt miſerable. Inſtance *Pompey*, that famous Warriour, (for his Eminency ſtil'd the Great) who after all his Victories and Triumphs put to a violent death; and that head taken off by the hands of a Traytour that had ſo oft been adorn'd with victorious Laurels, and being dead,

denied

denied a burying place. Queen *Cleopatra* once so formidable, as to be rather fear'd then contemn'd by her neighbour Princes, she drank Jewels dissolv'd, (a draught worth a Kingdom) expir'd on a dunghill. *Guillemer* King of the Goths, who long reigned in so much prosperity, but taken Prisoner by *Belizarius*, was reduc't to so much misery, that he onely beg'd these things of the Conquerour, Bread and Water, (the one to keep him from famishing, the other from thirst) a spunge to wipe his eyes, and a harp to tune his sorrows too. *Andronicus* Emperour of the East, (a man of such large and vaste Dominions, that his very name was terrible to all Neighbour-Kings) all his glory is eclipst in one Battle, and he delivered into the hands of those who think themselves happy in inventing and inflicting new tortures; he is thrown into the common Goal; where the best scents are the excrements of nature; taken thence, and derided and abus'd through the streets of the City, put to open disgrace in the Market-place: and to the further grief of so great a spirit, the muddy brain'd.

Rabble

Rabble, are both his Judges and Executioners. *Alexander* the Great (who was ſaid to conquer the World) could not guard his own perſon from a violent and untimely death. He that had vanquiſht a World, was himſelf overcome by an inferiour perſon in it, poiſoned to death, and his corpſe for thirty dayes denied a burying-place; his Conqueſts above ground gave him no title to a poſſeſſion under ground. So our *William* the Conquerour lay three dayes unburied, he that had vanquiſht Kingdoms living, is denied ſix foot of ground being dead. *Coriolanus* (that famous Grecian) who was once admir'd and fear'd of all, murthered openly in the Market-place at *Antium*, and none to pitty him, or take his part. *Philopoemen* forc't to expire by a cup of poiſon from the hands of a Hangman. So *Lucullus Dions* throat cut with a Dagger by an Executioner. So *Sertorius Phocian* reduc't to ſo much miſery in priſon, that he feed the Hangman to diſpatch him. *Cicero* (that famous man) murthered and decapited, his head and hands ſet up o're the Pulpit in *Roſtra*, where they made

Orati-

Orations.) *Darius* condemn'd to die as a Malefactour, his throat cut in prison by the common Hangman. 'Tis lamentable to recite what the Prophet *Jeremy* so mournfully delivers in those his Lamentations, Chap. 4. 5. *They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets, and they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghils.* We need seek no further proof of this sad truth, then the age we live in: have we not seen many princely and noble Families that not long ago were in so happy a condition, as to afford much hospitality to others, now reduc't to that misery, as to live onely upon the courtesie of others, and forc't to poste from place to place for relief and safety; to shew, that the best of men are but Pilgrims upon earth, and no permanency in the things of this life.

Worldly Glories (I conceive, may be reduc't to these three heads.) *viz.* Honours, Riches, Pleasures: I shall crave leave of my Readers to dilate upon each of these, and in the close present you with the insufficiency and inconstancy of Worldly Glory. First, Honours

Sup-

Suppoſe a man were at the height of honours, his Throne as high as *Babels* Tower, and all the Potentates of the earth proſtrate themſelves at his Foot-ſtool, and all perſons of all ranks, qualities, degrees, and conditions adm're and adore him, had he ten thouſand times as many titles, as that cracking Spaniard attributed to his Maſter, and his Territories as vaſte as the Univerſe; yet all theſe would be ſo far from giving true felicity, that it would but load him with cares and miſeries. Crowns are but ſplendid vanities, and vexation and mutation the ordinary attendants of Diadems. Crowns are full of cares, and high places not without their fears, which made one King cry out, (concerning his Diadem) Were it but known how many miſeries and moleſtations do attend thee, none would dare to take thee up lying at his feet. *Antonius* the Philoſopher ſaid often, that the Empire was an ocean of miſchiefs; and one caus'd it to be written upon his Tomb, Happy had I been if I had never reigned. They are much miſtaken, who thinks to meet with happineſs in greatneſs. Ambition is ever attended

tended with three Furies. Envy in the eye, Jealousie in the ear, and Covetousnes in the heart. Envy in the eye: It grieves him more to see one above him, then ten thousand below him. *Haman* was more distracted with *Mordecai* the Jew sitting in the Kings gate with careless neglect, then he was delighted with all the reverence and adoration which others gave him.

Secondly, Jealousie in the ear, always fearful of Competitours; he thinks himself never secure; every thing he hears makes him suspicious of some approaching danger; and if any but whisper in his presence, he is unsatisfied till he understands it.

Thirdly, Covetousnes in the heart. If (against his will) he empty some of his bags in the progress of his ambition, he will not be himself, till he hath refill'd them by extorted oppression; and when he possesses most, is least satisfied when he has considered with how much toil and trouble he purchast it; with how much care & fear he preserves it, and knows not how suddenly must part from it; either may be taken from him by violence; or

from it by treachery; and ſo his enemies become Lords and Maſters of his greatneſs, and eat the fruit of his labours. Who would be in love with that which hath ſuch Furies for its Attendants?

'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that the greateſt Darlings of the world enjoy perfect contentment, (be they never ſo well deſerving) ſomething they ſhall have to complain of that ſhall give an unſavory verdure to their ſweeteſt morſels, and make their very felicity miſerable. Multitude of buſineſs baniſh ſleep from the Eye-lids of Kings, and make the night troubleſome; and fear many times keeps them waking, (though in a Palace) leſt ſome *Achitophel* ſhould be projecting to turn his ſilent ſlumbers into a ſleep of death, whilſt the ruſtick Swain ſnores ſecurely in his loomy Cottage. *Bajazet* Emperour of the Turks thought a Shepheard (whom he heard whiſtling on a hill) to be a happier man then himſelf; and (if I miſtake not) the event gives me ſufficient cauſe to be of his opinion, for he was ſhortly after taken Priſoner by *Tamerlain* the Scythian, who loads him with golden fetters, and enclo-

cloſed

cloſes him in an iron cage, and carried up and down in triumph with the Conquerour, and in that ſtrait priſon expires by being his own Executioner. High places are not onely uneaſie, but ſlippery, (inconſtancy as well as vexation attends the Thrones of Princes) a great man ſtands very unſure, he had need to wear icè ſpurs, for he doth rather glide then go. If he begins to fall, he will to fall purpoſe: (as *Zereſh* unluckily told *Haman*) If his feet begin to ſlip on the ſteep hill of Honour, his own weight will down with him to the bottom: once paſt noon with him, it is preſently night; there is but a ſtep (ſaid that mirrour of men) 'twixt the priſons and graves of Princes.

The Airy Chair, though it be conſpicuous, is (you ſee) full of dangers. He ſtands ſureſt that hath no aſcent to fall from, the higheſt Riſer hath ever the loweſt Fall: Few of the magnifices of this world ever left it with rejoycing, or parted in peace, but hurried with violence to untimely Graves. What did *Abimelech*, *Abſolom*, *Zimri*, *Jezabel*, and *Athalia*, get by their greatneſſe, but miſerable and infa-

infamous deaths. Thoſe who have thought to have juſtled the ſtars out of their places, and made their neſts as high or higher, have had their glory laid in the duſt, and their honour in diſgrace; and thoſe who all men (in their lives) have judg'd the happieſt, have e're they parted with the world, lamentably declar'd the clean contrary. Earthly glories are at beſt but tranſient. The greateſt Favourite that ever the world had, could never aſſure himſelf of one minute of happineſs, (but ever obnoxious to thoſe lamentable hazards and mutations incident to greatneſs.) How many are there that laught yeſterday, that have cauſe enough to weep to day. He on whom proſperity yeſterday did ſmile, doth to day adverſity frown. He that yeſterday was reputed the happieſt man in this world, is to day ſent miſerable to another. That which hath a Diadem for its aim, oftentimes meets with an ignominious death for its end. He who in the morning hath been an object of envy, hath e're night been of miſery and contempt. He whom the morning ſun hath beheld in the height of Honour,

(*Cap-*

(*Cappape*) ſhining in all his glory, hath the evening ſun beheld caſt down with the greateſt ignominy. The ſame Sun that beheld *Haman* ador'd like ſome Deity (in the Perſian Court) and like ſome infamous Malefactour waving upon his Gibbet. For Honour 'tis built upon ſmoke, and how can it keep from vaniſhing.

2. Riches: Suppoſe a man had all the Gold of *Opher* at his own command, and were Maſter of the Indian Shores, and had all the richeſt Gems that the world affords in his own poſſeſſion; if all the world were his own, and all perſons of all ranks and degrees were his ſlaves to enlarge his Exchequer; were all heads and hands working to improve his wealth, yet all would be ſo far from giving him true felicity, that it would rather diſtract then content him. This tranſitory traſh could neither adminiſter comfort, or prevent miſery; as there is no true happineſs in them, ſo no conſtancy in enjoying them; for they are ſubject to vanity and violence; and they would be ſo far from protecting him from danger, that they would make him

him a mark for envy to ſhoot at, he ſhould to his ſorrow finde that there would be men found that would not ſtartle at his deſtruction, ſo they might by it attain their deſires, deceive, betray, ſwear, and forſwear for ſuch a purchaſe. Riches indeed were never true to thoſe that truſted in them; *They take themſelves wings, and flye away*, when there's moſt occaſion to uſe them. He that to day with *Caligula* could tumble in gold and ſilver, may to morrow with *Bellizarius* ſtand and beg for an half-penny.

3. Pleaſures: Suppoſe the Elements did conſpire to pleaſe the minde of man with their choiceſt Deſicacies; ſuppoſe the eye were pleas'd with the loveliest and moſt deſired objects, the hearing with the ſweeteſt and rareſt harmony that either art or nature could poſſibly produce; the taſting with the deareſt and choiceſt Cates that the world affords, and the quinteſſence of all the creatures artificially diſtill'd into an inſaluable *Compendium*, a bit more worth then an Empire, and a draught then a Kingdom; the ſmelling with the moſt odoriferous Scents that either *India* or

Arabia (art and nature) could produce. The feeling tickled with the greateſt delights that that ſenſe were capable of, all would be too ſhort to entitle the enjoyer happy, one thing or other will be ſtill wanting, the abſence of which will ſtill diſcontent him) one drop of gall will diſtaſte a whole veſſel of ſweets. Put the caſe all things were procur'd that can be deſir'd to ſatisfie the expectation, there would ſoon be a glut, (plenty would breed ſatiety.) It may be ſaid after enjoyment, as it was of *Amnon*, (who was ſo extreamly deſirous of enjoying his ſiſter *Tamar*) when he had his deſire, his loathing now was as great as his longing before: So here, but this is not all, as they are unſatisfying and inſufficient, ſo not conſtant; proſperity and adverſity may ſhew themſelves in one moment. *Belſhazzars* frollicks were both ſuddenly and ſadly chang'd into terrour and trembling, by the ſtrange appearance and motion of a hand that predicted his laſt. *Jezabel* (that painted Strumpet, who ſtudied nothing but to pleaſe her ſelf, her will was her law, and her deſires accompliſht, though never

ſo bloody) how ſuddenly was ſhe thrown forth of her Window at the command of an enemy, and trod under Horſes heels, and allow'd no other grave then the hungry maws of ravenous Curs; yet a Kings Daughter. We may ſay of all Earthly Pleaſures what *Amaſa* ſaid of War, that bitterneſs is the common appendix in the latter end; they ever carry a ſting in the tail, like *Joab* to *Amaſa*, whileſt it kiſſeth us, it killeth us. The World that is ſo ready with her ſervice, is as forward with her deceits: She that but now ſmil'd like a ſtrumpet, frowns like a Tyrant. Worldly Pleaſures are like gilded Pills, which under their external beauty include bitterneſs; are like unto freſh Rivers, that end their courſe in the ſea, loſing their ſweet reſh in an Ocean of ſaltneſs, as will be ſadly manifeſted by this following example. *Sejanus* had as much of the worlds felicity as could be wiſht or deſir'd, (if the deſire could be ſatisfied with having) for Honours he had them heapt upon him daily; for Titles, he is more then Emperour; for his Will, gives Laws to his; his ſtatues are erected

in publick paſſages, reverenc't in Theaters, and carried in the front of the Legions; all perſons do him homage, all tongues ſing his praiſes, and all knees bow to him: Never any man before him received greater honours, more univerſal, more unexpected, all the favours and dignities which all the Kings of *Europe* could heap together to raiſe a man, might not be compared to theſe; he made all men know (far and near) what he was able to do: he ſixteen years poſſeſt the Sovereign Power of an Empire that commanded the whole world, and which had the riſing and ſetting Sun for limit. *Euphrates* confin'd its Frontier towards the Eaſt, Mount *Atlas* the Cataracts of *Nylus*, the Deſerts of *Africa* towards the South, the Ocean in the Weſt, *Danubius* in the North; ſo that as far as the ſun progreſſed, his commands went. What Glory ever mounted ſo high, or fell ſo low, (as the concluſion will acquaint you.)

For Riches he had ſeventy two millions of gold (at one time) at his command, and more was at his ſervice, if he commanded it. For Pleaſures, Nature did pro-

ſtrate

ſtrate her ſelf to ſerve him, and turn'd all things upſide down to delight him. All his enterprizes were crown'd with ſucceſs; he ſaw his deſire upon his enemies, and was preſented with the heads of thoſe that hated him. He had his Setting-Dogs, (as *Seneca* term'd them) that were fitted to ſerve him in all employments, which were onely tractable and tame to himſelf, and barkt at all others, and were maintained with the blood of his enemies. In this height, Adverſity like a ſudden guſt overturns his fortunes; and thoſe, who but now attended him to the Senate-Houſe, conduct him to a Priſon: Thoſe who but now bow'd their knees to adore him, now deridingly ſhake their heads at him, (making a jeaſt of him now whom they fear'd in earneſt before) whileſt he is dragg'd from the Temple to the Goal, from the higheſt honour to the loweſt ſhame. There was ſo little ſpace 'twixt his glory and his fall, that he was aſſoon ſtruck as threatned; 'twas his miſery not to be fore-arm'd for ſuch calamities, nor wiſe till his fall made him ſo. ('Tis a madneſs for a man that might deſcend

the ſtairs of greatneſſe with eaſe, to ſtay ſo long as to be thrown down with violence. He that in the morning was admir'd by the greateſt, is e're night dragg'd along the ſtreets by the baſeſt Roman; and not preſently executed, but with circumſtances of cruelty, all ſorts of outrages were done to his miſerable Body; ſome through inhumanity, others for revenge, many for example, and all to the end it might not be thought they had either lov'd or known him; his miſerable carkaſs cut in fourteen pieces, (as many as the City had Wards) and dragged three dayes together about the City; his eldeſt Daughter deflowred near unto the Gallows by the common Hangman, and then ſtrangled, (with her Brother and Siſter) and their bodies faſtened to the Gemonian ſtairs; all were put to death that were related to him, or intimate with him; nor any ſuffered to bewail him: Tears were accounted criminal, none durſt ſigh or grieve for him, ſo much had fear diſſolv'd commerce 'twixt nature and compaſſion.

But what ſpeak I of *Sejanus*, one greater then he, and one that knew more

more then any man either before or after him, (I'le except none but the firſt and ſecond *Adam*) who for Honours had more heapt upon him, then any Monarch in the World, being admir'd for his Wiſdom, fear'd for his Greatneſs, and envied for his Happineſs; beloved of all his Neighbour Kings, who contended in courteſie who ſhould do him moſt ſervice. For Riches, none had more; the Gold of Ophir was as plentifull as the ſtones in the ſtreet, and the richeſt Gems that the world afforded ſent him from Forreign Coaſts. For Pleaſures, none e're had more, (or ſince ſo much) or wiſdom to improve them: he reigned forty years, (a ſufficient time to content his minde) in ſumptuous Buildings, (the moſt glorious that ever the world beheld) in multitude of Horſes, in all variety of Studies and Sciences, and had traverſed his ſpirits through all the ſecrets of nature, even from the Cedar to the Hyſop, all ſorts of creatures (from the woman to the meaneſt) did contribute to his delight; yet after all this he concludes, that theſe ſweets were confected with bitterneſs, and all *vanity and vexation of ſpirit*.

To conclude, I hope it will not be thought either impertinent or improper to this subject, to present my Reader with a brief survey of the various infelicities that attend the severall degrees, conditions, and ages of men, and with an applicatory Conclusion to finish my Discourse. We will begin with the highest, (for 'tis easier to fall then rise) and conclude with the meanest: We have already sufficiently discourst of the miseries of greatness, and therefore we shall be now concise, onely acquaint my Readers, that great men are so far from being made happy by their greatnesse, that they are thereby made capable of the greatest distractions and affrightments. I have read of some that durst not go to bed till one had lain down there before them; and of others, that durst not take their repose, till their chambers have been searcht, lest some conspiratour should be there lurking for an opportunity to put a sad exit to their mundane Infelicities: Of others that durst not use a Barber, lest in shaving their heads or beards they should cut their throats. Nor is there now a Po-

ten-

tentate in Chriſtendom that dares taſte a bit without a Taſter. Nor is this their vigilancy to be diſcommended, for we know that their greatneſs makes them liable to many dangers, which renders the greateſt dignities miſerable. Deſcend we to the Noble man: ſuppoſe him in the height of honor, (a favorite to the greateſt Prince) yet even there is he far from happineſs; for he is ever fearful of falling, either to be cruſht from above by his Superiours anger, or to be undermin'd from beneath by his Inferiors envy: can he be happy whom a Princes breath can in a moment diveſt him both of his greatneſs and his life? Come we now to the Gentleman, whoſe education may make him capable of ſerving the Commonwealth in thoſe ſeverall Profeſſions into which Providence may caſt him: Suppoſe him call'd to the Bar, what happineſſe to be found in that life which is perpetually diſturb'd with diſcord, hears nothing but the invective clamours of inveterate oppoſites; and his beſt muſick the jarring harmony of diſagreeing perſons. If to the Pulpit, that's the ſaddeſt life of all, (if ſeriouſly

conſidered) into which being no ſooner caſt, he findes himſelf in a labyrinth of cares, (having ſo many ſouls under his charge, the thoughts of which doth perpetually afflict him) he muſt labour in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, (and it may be for an ingrateful people that will little reſpect him for his pains.) Do I call it a labour? Surely it may well be term'd ſo, for there is no work like that of the brain.) It is a life ſo full of care, trouble and vexation, that the pen of a *Jeremy* or a *Paul* are fitteſt to deſcribe it. I confeſs, there are many in this age who have made that Calling eaſier then ever God intended it (both in reſpect of the admiſſion to it and diſcharge of it) theſe break not their brains with ſtudying; nor ſhall St. *Pauls* accuſation be faſtened on them, that much learning ſhould make them mad; if they are mad, 'tis for want of it; witneſs their Sermons, (if they may be term'd ſo) which are as dull and as cold as their charity; and no wonder, for they endeavour not to be good Preachers, but cunning Purchaſers; not to be good Paſtours to feed the flock, but wolves in ſheeps cloathing to

feed upon them; and minde fat Benefices more then lean ſouls; who inſtead of being examples of piety, are preſidents of (long-liv'd) malice, covetouſneſs, and cruelty; and ſome ſo ridiculous both in their words and geſtures, as to render the Goſpel contemptible, and themſelves odious. But let them take their courſe, (as they will without my leave) and feed themſelves (like Porkets) with the fat things of the earth, they ſhall notwithſtanding (at one time or other) finde both vanity and vexation in this their ſuppos'd felicity, enough to render the greateſt happineſs upon earth truly miſerable. Come we to the Merchant, (who is the fitteſt Embleme of the worlds vanity and inconſtancy) continual cares do perpetually diſtract him, which hinder his content by day, and repoſe by night, all that he has (and it may be more then his own) lies at the meer mercy of the ſurging Billows, and the boiſterous waves, which in an inſtant can make him that was worth thouſands not maſter of a penny. Come to the Shop-keeper, whoſe head is ever full of cares, how to ſteer

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his course, and manage his businesse with discretion to the best improvement and advancement of his stock, and how to finde out the various dispositions of men, and to suit them accordingly (and so to demean himself towards all as to gain the love of all) and oftentimes troubled at the slow motion of backward Customers, whose promises are commonly more dexterous then their purses: (not a few have been ruin'd by it.) Come to the Mechanick that has no living, but what he fetches from his fingers ends; how must he work both with head and hands to maintain himself and those about him? (who it may be will ill reward him for his pains.) Come we now to the Countrey, (which some think so pleasant) it is very toilsome, The Countrey-man is the most sensible of all others of that doome of *Adam*, that with the sweat of his brows he should eat his bread.

If we consider him as a landed man, then he is loaden with cares, ever fearful of bad servants and back doors, and it may be of one near to him, who also may contribute to his ruine. If a Farmer,

mer, he moils like a ſlave in a Galley, or a Horſe in a Mill, to bring both ends together to preſerve his ſtock, and prepare himſelf for an encounter with his Landlord; and all too little, if many years of plenty come together, except ſome dear years interpoſe to requite him.

If a Cottager, one that hath nothing but what he miſerably earns, who by his extraordinary labour gets him a ſtomach e're he has meat to ſuffice it; whilſt his Childrens note is like the Horſe-leech in the Proverbs, crying for meat, and (it may be) hath none to give them. We have but one ſtep lower to deſcend, and that is to the Beggar: I know it will be here objected, that I have not done well in putting the Beggar here to take a ſhare of the infelicities of the world, for he lives the happieſt life of all, he fetches his Pedigree from *Cain* the eldeſt ſon of *Adam*, (a man of a vaſte eſtate) and hence hath the world for his inheritance, and is paid tribute from all ſorts and conditions of men in it; all heads and hands are buſied to cloath and feed him, whilſt his onely task is to walk from place to receive

ceive it; his merry heart is neither distracted with cares, nor amazed with fears; he is as far from danger as free from labour: none will conspire against his life, to deprive him of his place. A penniless Traveller can sing before a Thief, and a moneyless Beggar can walk securely, where a full fraught Passenger dares not shew himself. (Beggars you must note carry not much treasure about them, the Rich man is their Sumpter-horse to carry it for them) I answer, 'Tis confest, that the Beggar is freest from care, but not furtherest from misery. 'Tis true we seldom read of any plots that have been laid against the Beggars life. This one happiness indeed he has, but he hath so many miseries to overbalance it, (that had he not some sunshine as well as so many storms, he were not able to live, grief would dispatch him, and put a sad period to his miserable dayes) he hath a large walk, and is seldom out of his way. But by the way I must tell you, that he lives a dogs life, hunger and ease; as for hunger, he is acquainted with that at most times, but for ease he hath that but sometimes; the

heat

heat annoyes him, the cold doth pinch him, his belly wants ſupplies within, his back wants defence without, both from the Summers Sun, and the Winters ſtorms; he walks regardleſly by day, and is lodg'd as careleſly by night; and though he be no fit object for ambition to work upon, yet is he oft in danger to be ſurprized either for the Stocks or Whipping poaſt, notwithſtanding his ten thouſand about him that never forſake him. The Premiſes conſidered, we may conclude that all things are full of toyl and trouble, moleſtation and miſery meet us at every turn, (whether we be high or low, rich or poor.) There is a ſingular vanity in this ſplendid miſery; one well compareth it to a beautiful picture drawn with white and red colours on ſackcloth, which afar off is very lovely, but near by 'tis like the filthy matter of a ſore or wound. No man ever yet found any conſtant contentation in any ſtate, yet may his outward appearance deceive another, and anothers him. If we but ſeriouſly conſider the various vexations that attend the ſeveral ranks of men, we ſhall finde that abundance

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is a trouble, and want a misery, honour a burthen, and baseness a scorn, advancements dangerous, and disgrace odious: (he that climbs is in danger of falling, and he that prostrates himself to be trod upon.) But leaving that, we come to discourse of the several Ages, and draw to a conclusion.

Not to speak of his being nine moneths a close Prisoner in the womb, we will come to his birth. When he comes into the world, how sadly he salutes it weeping, (declaring his dislike by tears, because he wants words to express it) either as a Prophet to foretell his miseries, or as a Penitent to bewail them. We will passe his Infancy, (which all will acknowledge to be a life of vanity) and come to his Adolescency, where he is kept under the tyranny of Parents and Masters, and terrified with those terrible engins of correction, the rod and cudgel: (an estate, (saith one, not worth the description.) Come we now to his Manhood, where the cares of the world (like a Troop) beset him. Does he live single, that's uncomfortable? Is he married, that's troublesome. I have

read

read of one *Diponares* (who having taſted the martyrdome of marriage) (as a French Authour terms it) ſaid, that there were but two good dayes which a married man was capable of; the one his wedding day, on which much good chear was provided, and the Bride freſh and fair, (for of all pleaſures the beginning is moſt delectable.) The other when the woman died, the man being then free from bondage. But I believe *Diponares* was in a more then ordinary meaſure incenſt (by the croſneſſe of his own in particular) to inveigh againſt all in general; (but ſuch large concluſions are neither warrantable or commendable;) and therefore let my Readers know I am not of his opinion. Come we now to the old man, (who is as weary of the world, as the world of him) his brain troubled, his face wither'd, his body crook'd, his ſight dim'd, his hairs faln, his teeth rotten, his comfort and content is gone, (all his happy dayes are flown over) the day is troubleſome, and the night tedious. In this condition he is ſo far from being happy, that he is perfectly miſerable, a burthen to himſelf

ſelf and all about him, all his paſt felicities are ſo far from contributing to his preſent felicity, that the very thoughts of them does diſtract him, when he conſiders that he had a prime: but that was paſt, and that thoſe pleaſures which were then green are now withered. If a rich man, then his children are apt to blame the ſlowneſs of his motion to another world, (for they have been long weary of him in this.) If a poor man then he is troubleſome to one and to another, his children (if he have any) ſhift him from one to another, every one thinks he doth too much for him, grudging him every bit he eats as rob'd from them and theirs; and if ever they beg any thing at Gods hands, 'tis to take him away. Come we now to his concluſion, when he is ready to take his leave of the World, his feet become cold, his face pale, his eyes hollow, his tongue waxeth black, his teeth cloſe, and his breath fails; he hath no ſenſe left him, but that of miſery, his children and relation about him gaping for his long deſired laſt gaſp, that ſo they may frollick with that wealth which was long

kept

kept from them by one that was incapable of enjoying it; he leaves the world with groans, as he ſaluted it at firſt with tears, (and now what is become of his glory) he is brought to the grave, where all mankinde are promiſcuouſly blended together without diſtinction or order. Here are no Heraulds to blazon Coats of Arms, but worms to disfigure thoſe perſons that did bear them. He that was long ſince clad in ſilk, and ſhin'd with Diamonds, is aſſaulted with troops of vermin: And he that had all the odoriferous perfumes of *Arabia Felix*, breathes forth as noiſome and intollerable ſcents as the loathſomeſt creature upon earth. All earthly greatneſs returns here to its firſt *Chaos*, and the ſtatelieſt Monuments that the World could brag of mouldred into aſhes; *Gehazi's* Skull cannot here be diſcern'd from *Abſalons*, and *Irus* his aſhes are as tranſparent as *Alexanders*: According to that of the Poet.

For here's the Conquerour with the Captive
ſpread
On one bare Earth, as on the common
Bed.

The

The all commanding General hath no ſpan
Of ground allow'd, more then the private man;
Folly with wiſdom hath an equal ſhare,
The foul and fair too, like duſt changed are.
This is of all mortality the end,
Perſites *now with* Nereus *dare contend,*
And with Achilles *he hath equal place,*
That living durſt not look him in the face.
The Servant with the Maſter, & the Maid
Stretcht by her Miſtris, both their Heads are laid
Upon an equal Pillow; Subjects keep
Court with Kings equals, and as ſoft they ſleep.
Lodging their heads upon a turf of graſs,
As they on Marble, or on figur'd Braſs.

And thus have I (according to my ſlender abilities) preſented my Readers with a ſerious and ſad Portraicture of the Miſery and mutabillity of Worldly Glory, which I have illuſtrated by the various diſpenſations of providence to her greateſt Favourites, by a through examination of the ſeverall ranks and degrees of men, from the Monarch to the Beggar, and of the ſeveral Ages, from the Young Mans *Geneſis*, to the Old Mans *Exodus*. What now remains,

mains, but that I onely leave my Readers ſome ſhort advices, (in order to his making a right uſe of the foregoing Diſcourſe) in number four, which I ſhall diſpatch in words almoſt as few. The firſt to contemn the world. The ſecond to be content with our condition. The third, to uſe moderation in the things of this world. And the laſt, that we wiſely improve them to be happy in a better.

First to contemn the World: Alas, there is nothing in it worth the deſiring, all the glory, beauty, and pleaſures of this world are as truly ſhort as they are ſeeming ſweet; and though they may to ſome ſeem ſweet in the enjoying, they are certainly (to all) bitter in the concluſion. I have read of a Duke of *Venice*, who dying, commanded this to be written upon his Tombe. *Know (moſt noble Venetians) that by mine Example, 'tis the moſt Chriſtian thing in the world to trample this world under your feet.* *Plutarch* tells us of a wiſe Heathen, who ſpeaking of the delights and paſtimes of thoſe times, ſaid, I am much taken that I am not more taken with

theſe

theſe pleaſures: And ſhall that which could not pleaſe an Heathen ſatisfie a Chriſtian? We are not Heathens but Chriſtians, (whoſe expectations reach further then ever Heathens did) and ſhall we loſe time in looking after fading toyes, that ſhould be curiouſly inquiſitive after unfading joyes, and for tranſitory traſh loſe a Crown of Glory.

2. That we content our ſelves with that condition into which Providence hath placed us, and endeavour with faithfulneſs to diſcharge thoſe places into which God hath call'd us, and not to ſquint upon other mens profeſſions, to invert that order which God himſelf hath made. Let not the Shoemaker go beyond his laſt, let the Cobler attend his boot, the Waterman his boat, the Fiſherman his bait, and the Schollar his books; a hammer is for the Smith, a *Homer* for the School: God never intended, that bungling Mechanicks ſhould botch at his Altar; or thoſe that ſerve at his Altar ſhould minde any thing elſe. The gift of contentation is ſuch a bleſſing as God affords to none but to his choſen, 'tis that which renders the meaneſt condition amiable.

3. To

3. To uſe a Moderation in the things of this world, we are not to glut our ſelves with the pleaſures of this world, but to be raviſht with the contemplations of a better; not like the Epicure, to place our felicity in our throat, by making our ſenſes (which God intended as Handmaids to our Reaſon) ſole Miſtreſs of our Religion; we may make uſe of the pleaſures of this World, but not abuſe them; they are to be us'd as Phyſick, not as food; a little may delight us, much will deſtroy us; we are to uſe a mean and moderation in theſe wordly things, and to uſe this world as though we us'd it not.

Laſtly, that we make a right uſe and wiſe improvement of the things of this World, in order to our happineſs in a better; and to this end that we make uſe of thoſe opportunities God hath put in our hands, and of thoſe eſtates wherewith he hath entruſted us, to his glory, and the good of his poor members, that our gold and our ſilver may ſpeak for us, not againſt us at the laſt day; and by ſo judicious a diſtribution of our eſtates, we ſhall gain ſuch friends by this Mammon

mon of unrighteousness, (when time shall be no more, and the world with all its glory on a flame) we shall be received into those eternal (never perishing) Habitations in the New *Jerusalem*; to the innumerable company of Angels, and the spirit of just men made perfect; where with those Elders we shall vail our Crowns at his feet, who is worthy of Honour and Dominion, and sing perpetual Anthems to the Sacred Trinity to all eternity.

Conſiderations on the Saint and Sinner, as to their diſagreeing conditions and diſpoſitions here, their various entertainments of Death, and different rewards after Death; reflecting on the Temporizing Profeſſour; illuſtrated and interlaced with Hiſtorical Examples of dying men.

I Am not ignorant, that there are many (and they ſuch as follow the moſt, and ſide with the ſtrongeſt) who judge of cauſes and men by their ſucceſs and outward proſperity; but how far they are miſtaken who judge of mens future eſtates in another world by their conditions in this, will be eaſily manifeſted; for theſe are things which we are not to pry into, or undertake to determine here, but left to the righteous Judge of all the world to decide hereafter. If Proſperity and Adverſity were

the infallible ſigns of a happy or miſerable man, who ſo happy as the Sinner, who ſo miſerable as the Saint? Do not we often ſee the guilty here go free, and the innocent bear the puniſhment, vertue in fetters, and vice at liberty ranting it in pomp, the ſentence pardons Ravens, and layes hold on Doves; the poor innocent afflicted, whileſt the wicked holds up his head glorioufly. If outward appearance therefore ſhould be the judge, woe were the portion of the Saints, happineſs the Sinners: For (as a late reverend Father of the Church of *England* obſerves) if we ſhould judge according to appearance, we ſhould think baſely of the Saviour of the world himſelf. Who that ſhould ſee him ſprawling in the Cratch, flying into *Egypt*, chopping of chips at *Nazareth*, tamiſhed in the Deſert, tempted of Satan, attended by Fiſhermen, perſecuted by his kindred, betrayed by one ſervant, abjur'd by another, forſaken of all, apprehended, arraigned, condemned, buffetted, ſpit upon, ſcourged to blood, ſcepter'd with a reed, crown'd with thorns, nail'd to the Croſs, hanging naked

ked between two Thieves, ſcorn'd of beholders, ſeal'd up in a borrowed grave? Who that ſhould have ſeen his skin all dew'd with pearles of bloody ſweat, his back bleeding, his face blubber'd and beſmear'd, his forehead harrowed, his hands and his feet pierc't, his ſide guſhing out, his head bowed down in death, and ſhould have heard with all his dying lips, ſay, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me*, would not have ſaid he is deſpis'd and rejected of men, yea, in appearance of God himſelf? Yet even in this while to the cutting off the ſinnews of thoſe ſtiff-necked Jews, the Angels owned him for their Lord, the Sages ador'd him, the Star deſign'd him, the Prophets foreſhew'd him; the Devils confeſt him; his miracles evinc't him, the earth ſhook, the rocks rent, the dead look't out, the Sun lookt in, anſwered at the ſuffering of the God of Nature? Even while he was deſpis'd of men, he commanded the Devils to their chains; whileſt baſe men ſhoot out their tongues at him, principalities and powers bowed their knees to him; whileſt he hang'd deſpicably on the tree of

ſhame, the powers of Hell were dragg'd captive after the triumphant Chariot of his Croſs; the appearance was not ſo contemptible as the truth of his eſtate glorious, judge not therefore according to appearance: ſhould appearance be the rule, woe were Gods people, happy were his enemies. Who that had ſeen *Cain* ſtanding imperiouſly over the bleeding carkaſs of *Abel*, *Joſeph* in his bonds, his Miſtreſs in her dreſs, *Moſes* in the flags, *Pharaoh* in the Palace, *David* ſculking in the wilderneſs, *Saul* commanding in the Court, *Elijah* fainting under a Juniper-tree, *Jezabel* painting in her cloſet, *Micaiah* in the Priſon, *Zedekiah* in the preſence, *Jeremiah* in the dungeon, *Zedekiah* in the Throne, *Daniel* trembling among the Lions, the Median Princes feaſting in their Bowers, *Johns* head bleeding in a Charger, *Herod* ſmiling at the Revels, Chriſt at the Bar, *Pilate* on the Bench, the Diſciples ſcourged, the Scribes and Elders inſulting, would not have ſaid, O happy *Cain*, *Potephars* Wife, *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, *Jezabel*, *Zedekiah*, *Zedekiah*, Median Princes, *Pilate*, *Herod*, Elders; miſerable *Abel*, *Joſeph*, *Moſes*, *David*,

David, *Elijah*, *Micaiah*, *Jeremiah*, *Daniel*, *John* Baptiſt, Chriſt, the Diſciples? Yet we know *Cains* victory was as woful as *Abels* Martyrdome; glorious *Joſephs* Irons were more precious then the golden Tyres of his Miſtreſs; *Moſes* Reeds were more ſure then *Pharaohs* Cedars; *Davids* Cave in the Deſert more ſafe then the Towers of *Saul*; *Elijahs* Raven a more comfortable purveyour then all the Officers of *Jezabel*, *Micaiahs* Priſon was the Guard-chamber of Angels, when *Ahabs* preſence was the Counſel-chamber of evil ſpirits; *Jeremiahs* Dungeon had more true light of comfort, then the ſhining ſtate of *Zedekiah*; *Daniel* was better guarded with the Lions, then *Darius* and the Median Princes with their Janizaries; *Johns* Head was more rich with the Crown of his Martyrdom, then *Herods* with the Diadem of his Tetrarch; Chriſt at the Bar gave life and being to *Pilate* on the Bench, gave motion to thoſe hands that ſtruck him, to that tongue that condemn'd him, and in the mean while gave ſentence on the Judge; the Diſciples were better pleaſed with

their ſtripes, then the Jewiſh Elders with their proud Phylacteries. After this, who that had ſeen the Primitive Chriſtians, ſome broiled on Gridirons, others boyl'd in lead, ſome roaſted, others frozen to death, ſome flead, others torn with horſes, ſome craſht in pieces by the teeth of lions, others caſt down from high rocks to the ſtakes, ſome ſmiling on the wheel, others in the flame, all wearying their Tormentours, and ſhaming their Tyrants with their patience, would not have ſaid, of all things I would not be a Chriſtian?

Yet even this while were theſe poor torturing ſtocks higher then their perſecutours, dying victors, yea victors of death, never ſo glorious as when they began not to be; in gaſping crowned, in yielding up the ghoſt more then conquerours. Judge not therefore according to appearance: Afflictions they are the Lot of Gods people here, their crown is hereafter, and by them are they fitted for the crown. Iron is never cleaner, then when it comes out of the furnace; nor brighter then when it hath been under the ſharp teeth of the file.

The

The Sun never ſhines clearer, then when it comes from under a cloud; no coal more hot, then that which hath been cover'd with aſhes. Though innocency be ſhaded in the obſcurity of priſons, yet nevertheleſs ſhe comes forth in triumph, radeating with glory. *God chaſtiſeth every ſon whom he loveth*; the Son of his love was perfected by afflictions, he bore his Croſs before he wore his Crown: The ſtones of the Temple were firſt hewen in the mountain before they were ſet in the building: The ſacrifices of the Law were firſt ſlain before they were offered: The veſſels of the Sanctuary were firſt to paſſe the fire before they were put to any ſervice; ſo muſt Gods lively ſtones, [1 *Peter* 2. 5.] reaſonable ſacrifices, [*Romans* 12. 1.] veſſels of honour, [2 *Tim.* 2. 22.] paſſe the hammer, the knife, and the fire of affliction, before they can be fit for the maſters uſe. God if in his Divine Wiſdom he thought it beſt for us, could bring his ſervants to glory without theſe trials, but that after our troubles here we ſhall be the better able to prize our reſt hereafter: ſhould we have a glut of proſpe-

rity here, we ſhould be ſo wedded to this world, that we ſhould not take pains to enquire after a better. Gods people never ſo devout, as when exerciſed with afflictions. *It is good for me that I have been in trouble*, (ſaith *David*) *for thereby have I knowne thy ſtatutes*, Pſalm 119. 71. So that Adverſity, though it be more horrid in the view, yet Proſperity is more dangerous in the event. A Summers Sun-ſhine is the mother of more diſeaſes then a Winters Froſt; the one ſeeks to make a conqueſt on our Vertue by force, and that makes us (like a beſieged City) fortifie our ſelves more ſtrongly for a reſiſtance; the other by the treaties of peace, by the tribute of gifts, ſeeks to bring our mindes into ſervitude, and this melts our ſouls (our too too eaſie ſouls) into yielding. The fire burns hotter for being blown on by the cold winde, but the ſun ſhining on it well nigh puts it out: ſo Vertue flames more brightly being blown on by the cold winde of adverſity, but is extinguiſht by the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, like Lime which is ſet on fire with Water, and (as ſome report) is quench-

quenched with Oyl. That Proſperity doth draw more to ruine then Adverſity doth drive, the Prophet *David* intimates where he ſayes, *A thouſand ſhall fall beſides thee, and ten thouſand at thy right hand.* There is ten to one whoſe vertue the right hand of proſperity doth choak more then the left hand of Adverſity doth ſtarve. Afflictions are Gods troops (and he their Captain) intended for the perdition of the wicked, for the purgation of the godly; he will not lay any more on any of his ſervants then he ſhall enable them to bear; alas, the miſeries of this life are not worthy of the felicities of the next; nor may theſe croſſes ſtand in competition with that Crown; nor are the greateſt torments that can here be inflicted, comparable to thoſe endleſs and inſufferable tortures which the wicked ſhall be ſenſible of; the greateſt that a Saint can ſuffer here is but the malice of men and devils, the damned in Hell ſhall taſte the wrath of the Almighty. The ſufferings of the Saint and the triumphs of the ſinner, are but for a moment, but the reward of the one, and the plagues of the other, are to eternity.

Suppoſe our life here, ſpread with roſes, yet they are marceſſible; and if with thorns, yet they are dying. The Jewels of the Crown will receive a damp, and the terrours of the Croſſe will ſoon be at an end. Groans and joyes in this life are both expiring, our troubles and our triumphs have both their ſetting. The diſtreſſes of the world are a ſhort and a ſudden tempeſt, and the delights of it are as fading flowers. Now (as an elegant Writer obſerves) who would not rather endure the Hell of a few dayes miſeries here, and enjoy the Heaven of eternal happineſſe hereafter, then enjoy the Heaven of a few dayes pleaſure here, and endure the eternal miſeries of Hell hereafter. Temporal pleaſures are dearly bought with the loſs of eternal, and temporal ſufferings, as well requited with eternal pleaſures. That is a miſerable happineſs that muſt end in ſuch miſeries as muſt never end, and thoſe are happy miſeries that ſhall ſoon end in endleſſe happineſſe. This life is but a journey towards death, and but a ſhort one; and death is yet a ſhorter paſſage to a longer and a better life. That life of

of joyes is worth the wiſhing that ſhall never have an end, and that end of our life is full as worthy of our wiſhes that ſhall begin the joyes of that endleſs life; and that end muſt be e're long, for life is ſhort. *Man that is born of a woman is but of few dayes, and full of trouble:* He is of few dayes, that he might not live too long in trouble; and his dayes are full of trouble, that he might not long; for more of them then a few. Mans dayes are full of trouble, that a few might ſerve his turn, and make him wearry of them; and his dayes of trouble are but few, that he might not be too much wearied with them. If it be mans miſery that his few dayes are full of trouble, 'tis Gods mercy that mans dayes of trouble are but few. The few dayes of mans life are full of trouble, that man might be daily minded of his duty, in ſeeking after another, a better life: and mans dayes of trouble are but few, that man may not be wearied, ſo as to leave ſeeking for the other life, before that this doth leave him. What but the happineſs and glory of that better life held up the ſpirits of Gods afflicted ſervants in

in their greateſt ſufferings in this? 'Twas the recompence of Reward that *Moſes* had reſpect to, which made him ſpurn at the treaſures of *Egypt*, and refuſed to be called the ſon of *Pharaohs* daughter, and to ſlight all the diſcouragements and afflictions which he here met with. Let the miſeries therefore which accompany Mortality wean us from all fondneſſe towards this life preſent, and the felicity of life eternal make us the more earneſtly to long after that. The thoughts of the *Elizian* Happineſſe did ſo encourage a poor Grecian (a meer Pagan) at the inſtant of his death that he rejoyced much to think of going to *Pithagoras* and other learned Philoſophers: to *Olympus* and other skilful Muſicians; to *Hecataeus*, and other approved Hiſtorians; to *Homer* the Prince of Poets, and other famous Wits that were his followers: That poetical Paradice the Elizian Field could make a Pagan give his *longum vale* to this preſent world with notable reſolution, and ſhall not the real pleaſures of the celeſtial Paradice, the fulneſs of joy in the glorious preſence of God, encourage a Chriſtian at his death

death to depart as comfortably as a faithleſſe Grecian? Shall fantaſie in an Heathen be more powerful then faith in a Chriſtian? Is not the company as good which we believe to be at Gods right hand, as that which he imagined to be in *Elizio campo*, and are not the joyes as many and as great? Well therefore may a Saint chear up himſelf at his departure by thinking of his going to Saint *Peter*, Saint *Paul*, Saint *James*, Saint *John*, and to all that glorious company of Apoſtles; and of his going to *Elias*; and *Eliſha*, and *Iſaiah*, and *Ezekiel*, and to *Daniel*, and to all that goodly fellowſhip of the Prophets; and of his going to St. *Stephen*, the Proto-Martyr, and to *Ignatius*, and to *Juſtinus*, and to our *Cranmer*, and our *Ridley*, and our *Hooper*, and our *Taylor*, and all that noble Army of Martyrs; and of his going to that Reverend Patriarch *Abraham* the Father of the faithful, and to *Iſaac*, and to *Jacob*, and to all the holy Patriarchs; and of his going to the holy Angels, and Arch-Angels, and Thrones, and Powers, and Principalities, and to the ſpirits of all juſt men made perfect. Who can think

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of being thus transported, and not be transported with the very thoughts of it. Surely it must needs be a very consolatory *Viaticum* to the Soul of a dying Saint, to think of exchanging Earth for Heaven, and the sordid company of sinners for the sweet society of Saints. And this is it which makes the Saint entertain death as a friend, whom the sinner fears as an enemy. The Saints of God in all Ages have lookt upon him as a friend, because by him they have been wafted to glory. *Moses* sang when he was told his last. *Elijah* had his *Sufficit*, he desir'd his God to take away his life. Old *Simeon* craved a dismission, and St. *Paul* a discharge. In the times of Persecution how did the Martyrs run in troops to the flames, even to the amazement and admiration of their Persecutours, which made a mortal enemy to Christianity in the dayes of Queen *Mary*, (who speaking of some of the Primitive Christians, and of the glorious Martyrs that then suffered) bade a vengeance on them, for he thought they took delight in burning, and that they long'd for death. I should swell this Volumn

too

too big; if I ſhould here inſert the laſt ſayings of dying Saints, who expreſt as much willingneſs to be diſrob'd of their mortality, as ever they did to put off their cloathes to go to reſt: And no marvel, for death to a righteous man is but as a door to let him into glory, to ſuch endleſs glory, as I ſhall not here ſtand to inſiſt of; for with a diſcourſe of that everlaſting happineſs I ſhall cloſe the Book, and for the preſent leave it to fall on a worſe ſubject.

We'l now come to the Sinner; who (as we have ſeen already) ſeems by his outward proſperity to be the onely happy man, as having the world at will, and all things in it at his command; but alas (notwithſtanding all this) we ſhall finde that he and happineſs are at a great diſtance, if we but ſeriouſly conſider the ſhortneſs of his joyes, and the eternity of his miſeries; that this is all the heaven he is ever like to have; he hath his portion in this life, and theſe ſhort pleaſures to end in endleſs torments. This world, as it is a School to the Saint, ſo a Stall to the Sinner; it fits the one for a fellowſhip in the New

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Jerusalem, and fats the other for an eternal slaughter: here the Saint suffers a while to be eternally happy, and here the sinner flourishes for a moment to be everlastingly miserable. What's more woeful then a Sinners Welfare. It is for slaughter that the Oxe is fatned, ease slayes the simple, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them, they spend their dayes in wealth, and end their dayes in woe; their merry dance determines in a miserable downfall; the sinners cup of honey is mixt with dregs of gall. He loves his belly well that with *Esau* will sell his birth-right for Pottage. I had rather beg my bread with *Lazarus*, then my water with *Dives*. In what slippery places hath God set wicked men? He that now thinks himself as high as heaven, knows not how soon he shall be laid as low as hell; and he that is now carousing and quaffing with his dammy Blades, and pampering his guts with the left hand blessings, knows not how suddenly he shall be plac't at the left hand of that Judge, who shall give to all their right, and send him and his crew to yell out their late Lamentations

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in *Tophet*. *Zophar* (though none of the beſt men himſelf) could tell *Job, that the triumphing of the wicked is but ſhort, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment,* like the thorns in the fire, the bubble in the water, the flowers on the earth, or the clouds in the air, they blaze and conſume, they flouriſh and fade, they vaniſh and flye away. A candle burns more brightly, when neareſt the end, and the wicked are in greateſt pomp, when neareſt their ruine; witneſſe thoſe ſad examples of *Abſalom, Jezabel, Haman, Herod*, &c, ſo that his joyes here are but like a fit of muſick before a fearful execution, or a Syrens Song before a diſmal ſtorm; and of the ſhort time he hath here to frollick it, how often is he diſquieted by Gods heavy judgements from without, and by his own guilty conſcience from within. Firſt from without, God oftentimes meets with the ſinner here, to put him in minde of what he ſhall feel hereafter; and that if he will not take warning by this, he ſhall be paid to purpoſe in a worſe place. As a Saint looks upon afflictions from God as the gentle chaſtiſements of a loving Father,

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the sinner looks upon them as the severe punishments of an angry Judge, and as a sad presage or preface of those insufferable miseries he shall finde in Hell. 2. From within his guilty conscience oftentimes proves as a cord to strangle his joyes, and to mar his mirth. Did not *Josephs* Brethren experiment this in *Egypt*, and *Ahab* in his house of Ivory, and *Belshazzar* amidst his Sensualities; this is it that tells him of his past offences and future miseries, which so much distracts him, that it makes him afraid both of himself and others, ever fearful lest some just hand should cut off his happinesse with his life. Our *Richard* the Third after the murther of his two innocent Nephews had fearful dreams, insomuch, that he did often leap out of his bed in the dark, and catching his Sword, (which always naked stuck by his side) he would go distractedly about the chamber, every where seeking out the cause of his own occasioned disquiet. And *Charles* the ninth King of *France*, after the Parisian Massacre, was so inwardly terrified, that he was every night laid to sleep, and wakened again

with

with a ſet of Muſicians. Alas, what happineſs is it to have a houſe of Cedar adorn'd both within and without with beaten Gold, to have his Cheſts lin'd with the Gold of *Ophir*, to have the richeſt Robes that e're the ſun ſhin'd on, the largeſt Wardrobe, the choiceſt Cates, and the moſt deſir'd delights, that his way were ſpread with Roſes, and pav'd with Diamonds, when his roof is open to the thunderbolt of Heaven, and has a hell in his conſcience, and God for his enemy. But put the caſe the Sinner were not troubled with theſe outward calamities nor inward affrightments, yet he were (notwithſtanding this) ſtill miſerable; for in the higheſt exaltation of his mirth, the very name of death cools his courage, and ſtrikes him through with terrours; he would not (if he might have his will) ever part with this world, (for he knows that there is nothing of happineſs to be found for them in the next) he could with all his heart accept of St. *Peters* motion, to build Tabernacles here, and live for ever; but alas that muſt not be, for put the caſe he ſees many go before him, his turn will

will come ſhortly after, old age will ſoon ſeize upon him, when his feet will be full of gouts, his back full of pain, his heart full of ſorrow, and his ſoul full of ſin, and now all his happineſſe is blown over, as though it had never been; or if he could call to minde his paſt felicities, the thoughts of them would be ſo far from adminiſtring any comfort to him, that it would but diſtract him; and he does now begin to wiſh he had never been born, or elſe a longer leaſe of his life. 'Tis ſtoried of *Lewis* the Eleventh King of *France*, that he was ſo wedded to this life, that he prohibited the very mention of the word DEATH in his Court; but alas Death regards not the threats of Princes, nor the tears of Peaſants. For the ſtouteſt man, and greateſt Monarch that ever was, hath been forc't to ſubmit to him and his Meſſengers. The honourable Garter cannot cure the Gout, nor the Chair of State eaſe the Chollick, nor a golden Diadem remove the Head-ache. *Nugas* the Scythian deſpiſing the rich preſents and ornaments that were ſent unto him by *Michael Paleologus*, Empe-

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rour of *Conſtantinople*, askt whether thoſe things could drive away calamities, diſeaſes, or death. No, this they cannot do, as *Henry Beauford*, (that rich and wretched Cardinal) found by woful experience in the dayes of *Hen.* 6. who perceiving death at hand, askt wherefore he ſhould dye, being ſo rich: If the whole Realm will ſave my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it; Fie (quoth he) will not death be hired? will money do nothing? No, money in this caſe bears no maſtery, death (as the Jealous man) will not regard any ranſom, neither will he reſt contented, though thou offer many gifts, [*Prov.* 6. 25.] 'Twas but a vain conceit of one who, when he heard that his ſickneſs was deadly, and that he was for another world, call'd for a Bag of Gold, and laid to his heart, (as if that which had ſolely ſwayed him in his life, to the committing of many prepoſterous actions, ſhould now do ſomething for him) but he finding no eaſe by it, threw it away, crying it would not do. Nor was he leſs ridiculous, who being ready to expire, clapt a twenty ſhillings piece

of

of gold in his mouth, saying, some wiser then some, I'le take this with me howsoever: alas, he and his gold must now perish together, death shews him a dismal change; for now *Balaam* and his Bribes, *Belshazzar* and his Bowls, *Dives* and his Dishes, *Herod* and his Harlots, the Usurer and his Bills, the Merchant and his Measures shall part assunder for ever, which made one that was ready to breathe his last call for his bags of money, and sadly took his leave of them in these words; Ah! I must now leave you, there is no remedy. I tremble to think in how sad a manner the wicked leaves the world, to think what a sad fit of trembling doth surprize him, when the cruel Serjeants and mercilesse Officers of the King of Terrors do arrest him (as it were) in the Devils name, when death shall come with a writ of *Habeas corpus*, and the Devil with a writ of *Habeas animam*; when the cold Earth must have his Body, and hot Hell hold his Soul; Reader, now tell me which is the happiest man? *Adrian* the Emperour when his Soul was ready to flye from his body, bespake it thus, *O animula, vagula, blandula,*

dula, quæ jam abibis in loca: Poor forlorn ſoul, into what gloomy and diſmal manſions art thou now departing; but of thoſe Manſions in my next diſcourſe. I ſhall now with a few words (to the Temporizing Profeſſor, and my Readers in general) bring this to a concluſion.

Firſt, to the Temporizing Profeſſour, you I mean that in all mutations will be men of the Times, (be they never ſo bad) and call thoſe Men and Times bleſſed and glorious which make you gainers, that admire all men for their greatneſs, and conclude thoſe to be hated of God that are deſpiſed of men, and cenſure all as Reprobates that are not of your ſpirit. You that pretend to ſuch a tranſcendent meaſure of perfection; to ſuch high notions and revelations, as if (with St. *Paul*) ye had been wrapt up into the third heaven, and underſtood more then all your forefathers did, as if Chriſt had led his Church in ignorance and blindeneſs for 16. hundred years and upwards, till you came with your new Diſcoveries. You that have prated Religion out of the Nation, as if it conſiſted in nothing but words; and inſtead of practiſing the Graces

Graces of the Spirit, as Faith, Repentance, Humility, Charity, &c. ſtudied nothing but needleſs and unneceſſary Queſtions, not at all tending to Edification but Vain glory, which have enlarg'd the Breaches of the Church inſtead of cloſing them up: Remember that God is juſt as well as merciful, and though he ſpares you long, will pay you at laſt; and though you feed your ſelves like porkets with the fat things of the world, a time will come when you ſhall caſt it up again, and all your hyprocriſie ſhall be unmaskt and unvail'd both to Angels and men: Humble your ſelves therefore under the mighty hand of God; leſt for your pride God inflicts on you the ſaddeſt Judgement that is mention'd in the Book of God, of being deliver'd over to a Reprobate ſenſe: Oh take heed that Satan couzen you not to hell, and there twit you as he did *Saul* in *Samuels* Mantle, when there is no place for Repentance. You know what a plauſible ſpeech he made in the mouths of *Ahabs* Prophets, when he entic'd that King to his ruine; have a care that ye are not condemn'd one day for condemning others,

others, and ſpewed out of the Bridegrooms mouth for your lukewarmneſs: think not me your enemy for telling you the truth, be not *Solomons* fools to hate inſtruction, better repent theſe things here then in a worſe place; conſider ſeriouſly the foregoing Diſcourſe, take notice of the ſad *exit* of wicked men, that the doleful ſound of their ſad and too late repentance, may ſeaſonably caution you by their harms to beware. One word more, think not without Repentance ever to arrive at Glory; there's no going to heaven on beds of doun, you have more cauſe to fear exchanging doun pillows for beds of flames: there's no leaping from *Dives* his diet to *Lazarus* his Crown, nor from *Dalilahs* lap to *Abrahams* boſome.

Laſtly to my Readers in general, Let me caution you to take notice of Gods Omnipotency, Omniſciency, and Juſtice, and our own Mortality, and theſe ſeverally and ſeriouſly conſidered, may be a motive to ſtartle us from the very thoughts of thoſe ſins that we commit with greedineſs.

Firſt, his Omniſciency, remember that

he is an all-seeing God that discovers all our actions, and beholds all our wayes, to whom the day and the night, the darkness and the light are both alike. If we dare not commit our beastly sins before the eyes of men, how dare we presume to commit them before him that is able everlastingly to damn us, and throw our souls into Tophets endless flames.

Secondly, his Omnipotency; Let us adumbrageously fancy (as one hath it) the Firmament to be his face, the all-seeing Sun his right eye, the Moon his left, the Winds the breath of his nostrils, the Lightning and Tempests the troubled actions of his ire, the Frost and Snow his frowns; that Heaven is his throne, the Earth his footstool, that he is in all things, that his Omnipotency fills all the vacuities of Heaven, Earth, and Sea; that by his power he can ungirdle and let loose the seas impetuous waves to overwhelm and bury this lower Universe in their vaste wombs in a moment; and that he can let drop the Azure Canopy, (which hath nothing above it, whereto it is perpendicularly knit) or hurle thunderbolts through the tume-

tumerous clouds, to paſh us precipitate through the center into the loweſt dungeon of Hell; and that all the creatures in their ſeveral ranges are as ſo many Regiments of the great King, and that with the meaneſt of theſe he can avenge himſelf on ſinners, as he did on *Pharaoh*, *Herod*, &c.

In the next place let us acknowledge his Juſtice. Remember that he is a jealous God, a perfect hater of ſin, and will bring ever work to judgement.

And laſt of all, that we take notice of our own Mortality, and let the thoughts of that debar us from ſinning; we know not whether we ſhall live to ſee another day, and ſhall we be found ſinning on our laſt. Let the uncertainty of that which will certainly once come, put us in a poſture of preparation for its coming; and ſince that upon this moment depends either our everlaſting woe or welfare, let us loſe no time: For as the Poet no leſs ſweetly then diſcreetly ſung, *Who knows o're night that he next morn ſhall breathe.* Therefore take *Davids* early in the morning, not the Devils ſtay till to morrow; think

not to be accepted in thy makers presence one day, if thou crammest the devil with thy sap of thy strength, and gorge him with the purest fruits of thy sinewy virility, if, at last (when thou art not able to do God or the devil service) thou comest limping on Times tottering Crutches to present unto him the offall husks and morosity of thy doting decrept age. Think every day thy last, and spend it as if it were so; for we know that God will bring us to judgement: yet we know not when, nor in what year, nor in what moneth of the year, nor in what week of the moneth, nor in what day of the week, nor in what hour of the day, nor in what minute of the hour, nor in what moment of that minute; for he will come like a thief in the night suddenly, before with a wink thou canst lock up thine eye, or within thy brain create the nimblest thought; the apprehension of which must needs stir us up to live in Gods fear, so shall we dye in his favour, and rest in his peace, and rise in his power, and reign (with him) in his glory, world without end.

Godliness

Godlineſs bearing its Rewards with it, both here and hereafter; and Sins purſuit of the Sinner to the other World. Of the laſt judgement, and thoſe ſucceeding Events that enſue thereupon.

A Meditation on 1 *Tim.* 4. 8.

HAppineſs is the mark and center which every man aims at, the next thing that is ſought after being, is being happy; where *David* begins his Pſalms, we all hope to end, (and that's with bleſſedneſs) and no way to reach that but holineſs. That holineſs is the way to happineſs, or that the godly man is the truly happy man, I have already ſufficiently manifeſted in my laſt Diſcourſe, and therefore ſhall be the more ſparing here in my Allegations, (for I would not take the pains o're again to prove what is proved

already) but happineſſe is ſuch a ſubject, that I could willingly dwell upon, and fill a large Volume with a diſcourſe upon it, (deſiring that my portion may reſt here) but I am confin'd to ſuch narrow limits, both of time and paper, that I cannot inſiſt long on any one particular; I ſhall therefore briefly ſtrike at that which is here chiefly intended, and before I have worn my Readers patience quite out, ſhall draw to a concluſion.

Now that the godly man is the happy (and onely happy) man will be further manifeſted in the end, (after the end of all things) but firſt in this life we will prove him happy here, as well as hereafter, (in this world as well as the world to come) though not ſo happy here as there. Neither proſperity nor adverſity can come amiſſe to him, though the times vary, his happineſſe is ſtill the ſame, (like his God that changes not) all things ſtill work together for good to him; and albeit he hath no prerogative above the ſinner for thoſe two beds of mankinde, (of ſickneſs and the grave) his priviledge lies another way. No Kings (except ſuch) hath like prerogative

rogative to the Saints; God is their Father, Chriſt their Brother, the Holy Ghoſt their Comforter, Angels their Guardians, Saints their Aſſociates, Death their deſire, the Grave their reſt, the Bar their joy, God their portion, the Trinity their propriety, Heaven their home, Eternity their term; before death their prerogative is much, at it more, after it moſt; but from death and diſeaſes none, by death they have, from it not. Put the caſe that God permits wicked men to ride over him, and men and devils to uſe their utmoſt extremity to him, which is to put his dayes to a ſhameful and a painful period (for the ſhame Chriſt hath taken that away, and for the pain that will ſoon end in endleſs pleaſures) what unhappineſs in this, when all they do or can do, is but to open the priſon-doors of his body to let out his ſoul to flye to reſt; from the labour of the ſervant to the joy of the maſter, from the work to the reward, and from the Croſs to the Crown; there to ſolace it ſelf in thoſe rivers of pleaſures at Gods right hand, whilſt his precious aſhes are preſerved as in a ſafe ſtore-houſe, till the laſt trumpet ſhall alarm

it, to give its beloved companion the meeting to be made eternally happy together, never to part more, (a Saint at his death is aſſured that a few moments will bring his departing ſoul to endleſs happineſs, and that Angels attend him to do their office of wafting it into *Abrahams* boſom.) And now Judge Reader, whether I may not upon good conſideration ſay, that godlineſs is gain. I know there are ſome (and they ſuch whoſe hopes extend not further then this life) that invert this ſaying, and tell us that gain is godlineſs, and no happineſs without gain, (their ſordid gain) and albeit I have ſufficiently exploded this errour in my laſt Diſcourſe, I ſhall now notwithſtanding more fully (if that may be) give a confutation in this, as ye will the more clearly apprehend, if ye minde the concluſion. The longeſt day will have a night, and the longeſt life will have an end. Let the ſinner live as long as he can, a miſerable period will at laſt be put to his ſinful dayes, and that period will decide this controverſie. Thoſe who in their life were the *Diana's* of the people, that ſeem'd the moſt high and happy will at their death, (but more clearly af-

ter-

terward) appear moſt miſerable; as they have ſpent their dayes in the unprofitable works of darkneſſe, ſo they ſhall finde but an unprofitable reward for their works, they ſhall for their pains meet with ſuch pains as ſhall never have a period.) The Devil comes now to expect his due, (that as he was their ſlave for a time upon earth, they may eternally be his vaſſals in a worſe place) that as they did the works of darkneſs, and workt for the Prince of darkneſs, now receive their portion in utter darkneſs. There's no denying or forſwearing of bargains, no talk of circumventing this experienced Politician; the richeſt preſents, nor the loudeſt cryes, nor the ſaddeſt tears, nor the greateſt threats, nor the humbleſt entreaties ſhall not ſerve the turn. The uſurers gold cannot ranſome him, nor the mighty mans honour priviledge him; thoſe that ſhut up their bowels of compaſſion from others, ſhall finde nothing but tyranny from him. Here the luxurious Epicure, that through the five Senſes (which are the cinque-ports, or rather the ſinners ports of the ſoul) did gulp down de-

lightful ſin like water, ſhall now finde that thoſe pleaſant dayes are now blown over, and that the end will prove them, like the Angels book, ſweet in the mouth, but bitter in the bowels, in that he muſt in few moments be waſted to remorſeleſs flames. Here the gorbellied Mammoniſt that piled up huge maſſes of refulgent earth, purchaſed by all unconſcionable courſes, ſhall have nothing left but a coffin and winding ſheet, and which is worſt of all, a guilty conſcience; now all his fair pretences and apologies will be but like characters drawn upon the ſands, or arrows ſhot up to heaven-ward, they cannot releaſe him from Satans inexpiable ſervitude. Deaths warrants run very high, *Non omittas propter ullum libertatem*, attache them where ever thou findeſt them, there are no places in the world free from the arreſts of death, and when once this grim Serjeant death hath arreſted their bodies, their ſouls muſt be preſently ſent to the Bar of judgement for particular ſentences; then *actum erit*, (as one hath it) the matter will be paſt cure now, the day-book of their own conſciences will be produced as a thouſand witneſſes againſt them, for there

there the debt of ſin is ſcored up, and never to be croſt, till expung'd by repentance, (which is now too late to ſpeak of) and now ſhall not the Judge of all the world do right? Yes ſurely, and he will give the devil his due; as the devil bought their ſouls, ſo he muſt now have them. The Devil is the Jaylor of Hell, and thither the Judge commands them: Take them Jaylour, ſaith the Judge, take them Devil, and keep them till the general Judgement, that then their miſeries may be compleated; and ſuffer in ſoul and body as they ſinned in both.

The end comes when the earth ſhall tremble, and the fonndations of the hills ſhall be ſhaken; when the Sun ſhall be turn'd into darkneſs, and the Moon into blood, to uſher in the coming of that day; at which time, how wilt thou be beleagur'd with anguiſh and horror, when thou ſhalt behold with thy mortal eyes the Cataracts of Heaven unſluced, and huſhing; ſhowers of ſulphrous fires diſperſe themſelves through all the corners of the earth and air, the whole univerſe o're-canoped with a remorſeleſs flame; when thou ſhalt ſee the great and glorious Judge appear tri-

triumphantly in the Skies, whilſt mighty winged clouds with devouring flames flye before him, as uſhers to his powerful and terrible Majeſty, attended with innumerable multitudes of beautiful Angels, golden wing'd Seraphims and Cherubims ſounding their ſhrill alarms; whoſe clamorous tongues ſhall affright the empty air, and call and awake the drowſie dead from their dark and dusky cabbins; when thou ſhalt ſee the diſſipated bones of all mortals ſince the creation (concatenate and knit in their proper and peculiar form) amazedly ſtart up, and in numberleſs troops flock together, all turning up their wondring eyes to gaze upon their high and mighty Creatour. When thouſand thouſands ſhall miniſter unto him, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſtand before him, the Thrones ſet for Judgement, and the Books opened, and nothing remain, *but a fearful expectation and looking for of judgement, and fiery indignation, which ſhall devour the adverſaries.* Then will thy conſcience recommemorate afreſh thy paſt committed ſins, and with the coroding ſting of guilt ſtab through thy perplexed ſoul. Then indeed to be nothing were ſomething, but that will not be, for

Juſtice

Juſtice muſt now exact to the utmoſt farthing. 'Twill be too late to wiſh the the mountains to fall upon thee, for they themſelves would (if poſſible) for fear ſhrink into their center. Alas, it cannot then be available to wooe the Waters to ſwallow thee, for they would be glad to exclaim their liquid ſubſtance, and be reduc't to a nullity. What will it boot thee to entreat the earth to entomb thee in her darkiſh womb, when ſhe her ſelf will ſtruggle to remove her local reſidence, and to flye from the preſence of the great Judge. The air cannot muffle thee in her foggy vaſtity, that will be clearly refin'd, there's celeſtial flames uncontaminated with humane pollution, ſo that thou muſt be forc't to appear before a moſt ſevere Judge, carrying in thy own conſcience thy Indictment ready written, and a perfect Regiſter of all thy miſdeeds. When thou ſhalt ſee him that was once a Saviour, now a Judge (whoſe Knowledge is infallible, whoſe Power is infringible, and his Juſtice inflexible) of exceeding dreadful Majeſty, being clothed in moſt glorious apparel, and his body ſhining through it like the ſparkling

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diamonds, his eyes like burning lamps, his face like flashing lightning, his arms and legs like inflamed brass, his voice like the shout of a multitude (or of many waters) prepared (for thy idle words, evil deeds, time mispent, and talent ill govern'd) to pass the sentence upon thee, against whom thou hast transgressed; and he thy umpire, whom by many offences thou hast made thine enemy. And in order to a full and clear accomplishment of Justice, a final separation shall be made, (no hypocrites shall closely lurk here among the Saints) the gold shall be taken from the dross, and the silver from the tin, the tares from the wheat, and the corn from the chaff, the sheep from the goats, the vile from the precious, and the elect from the reprobates, and plac't on each side the Judge; those on the left hand, to be doom'd to everlasting punishment, and those on the right, to life eternal. How will it then perplex thy afflicted soul, to see those on the Judges right hand, whom thou contemnest as inferiour to the dogs of thy flock, who shall now be one of that Jury that shall confirm thy condemnation, and applaud the sentence of the Judge: here

shall

ſhall be a general Audit, the Widdows tears, and the Orphans cryes ſhall be here regarded; what wouldſt thou now give for a good conſcience, that were a jewel of price; then Chriſtian graces ſhall be more precious then natural gifts. There the fooliſh and dumb may be more happy, then the wiſe and eloquent; there the ignorant Ruſtick may be preferred before the knowing Philoſopher, and the mean Beggar before the mighty Prince, and the ſimple and ignorant before the witty and ſubtle. There ſimple obedience ſhall be found better then cunning hypocriſie, a clear conſcience more pleaſant then profound Philoſphy, zealous prayers of more worth then fine tales, and good works more acceptable then ſweet words: then ſhall the poor and meek triumph, and the proud ſhake and tremble; then ſhall the memory of miſery be ſweet, (becauſe they are paſt) and the thoughts of pleaſure be ſad, (becauſe they are all blown over.) The godly ſhall rejoyce, and the reprobate howl; then ſhall baſe apparel be glorious, and proud attire infamous; then ſhall all black and diabolical deſigns perpetrated in darkneſs be made viſible, and the moſt reti-

retiredſt actions and tranſactions that ever were huddled up in the world (with the greateſt privacy) be expos'd to the open view both of men and Angels. Then if ever (as one ingeniouſly hath it) naked breaſts and black ſpots ſhall be in faſhion, when all things ſhall be naked and bare, and the ſinner appear like the Leopard full of ſpots.

Then ſhall it appear who have been the Idolaters, whoſe God was their belly, and gold their hope, and fleſh their arm, that with the French fool would not have left their part in *Paris* for that in Paradice.

Then ſhall it appear who have been the ſwearer and common perjur'd perſon, who have ſet a brazen face on a bad matter, and gilded a falſhood with an oath of Sanctity, (though it proceeded from the father of lies, whither they are going.)

Then ſhall it appear who have been the *Ahabs* that have killed *Naboth* for his Vineyard, and who the *Iſhmaels* (the makebates) that hated their brethren with a perfect hatred, (whoſe hand was againſt every man, and every mans hand againſt them.)

Then

Then ſhall it appear who have been the *Machiavels* that have neglected thoſe pretious opportunities Providence put into their hands, to advance the glory of God, and the good of Nations, for their own baſe intereſts, (raiſing themſelves out of the ruine of thouſands.)

Then ſhall it appear who have lorded it over their brethren, (more righteous then they) and maliciouſly perſecuted, (for no other cauſe then filthy lucre ſake) to the temporal undoing both of them and their poſterity. (If any that read this Book, (as 'tis poſſible ſome may, without prejudice againſt the Author) are guilty of this, let them reſpect me for giving them this timely advice aforehand.)

Then ſhall it appear who have been the nice Non-Conformiſt, that not out of tenderneſs of conſciencence, or zeal to Gods glory, but for Sedition ſake and vain glory would be of the ſingular number.

Then ſhall it appear who have under pretences of zeal juggled their Brethren out of their eſtates, and term'd thoſe malignant, whom the righteous Judge ſhall proclaim the contrary.

Then

Then ſhall it appear who have been at the charge of clothing with ſilk and gold the images of men, and let the poor go naked, who is the image of God.

Then ſhall it appear who have worn a croſs on the belly, while the belly was an enemy to the Croſs of Chriſt.

Then ſhall it appear who have ſlily ſlided into Brothel-houſes in the dark to commit their obſcenities, and return'd unſeen (of men) and preſently buſied with their *Pater noſters*, and who have maintain'd thoſe Shambles of forbidden fleſh with their Pimps, Panders, &c. and other deviliſh and unquoth titles which then ſhall be known.

Then ſhall it appeare who have blinded the eye of Juſtice with bribes, and ſhut their ears againſt the clamorous cryes of the innocent; that made the Law a noſe of wax to turn and faſhion to their own private ends, to the diſparagement of Juſtice, and lamentable ſubverſion of many an honeſt and upright Cauſe: their quirks, dilatory demurs, conveyances and connivances cannot quit them; for now whether they will or no, they muſt be removed with a Write into the loweſt and

and darkeſt dungeon of damnation, For no bribes ſhall be taken in this Court, (here ſhall Juſtice be obtain'd without money) no relations ſhall take place here, (for there ſhall be no reſpect of perſons with this Judge) the great Jehovah ſhall now judge the world in righteouſneſs, [*Acts* 17. 31.]

Set now before thine eyes therefore that which thou muſt then ſet before them, when thy ſelf ſhall be ſet before ſo terrible a Tribunall; above thee an angry Judge, before thee the Books of Indictments, at thy right hand the Devils accuſing and calling for ſentence, (which Juſtice cannot deny) at thy left hand the world of wicked ones howling, behinde thee the Angels guarding and preſenting thee in Court, within thee thy conſcience gnawing, without the world flaming, beneath Hell yauning and gaping wide for thee as an eternal and irrecoverable morſel; when to appear will be intollerable, to be hid ſhall be impoſſible. O the horror of that day of that ſentence, Go ye curſed (what doom ſo great as this, depart from peace, from life, from hope, from poſſibility of being any

any other then eternally exquiſitely miſerable; 'tis pain to mention theſe woes, 'tis more then death to feal them) into hell, take him Devils, binde him hand and foot, caſt him into utter darkneſs, where ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth for ever: ſhut on him, ſeal to him the eternal impregnable doors of vengeance; Rouze up your ſelves helliſh furies, horrors, fears, agonies, madneſs, vexations, deſpiſers, never dying worm, and the ever burning fires. According to the ſeveral degrees of vanity let ſeveral degrees of tortures and torturers, devils and deviliſh plagues maſacre and torment them; let no eye pitty them, and let their vain eyes be put out in obſcure darkneſs, ſee nothing but infernal viſions; the vain ear hear nothing but ſhrieks and derided cryes of the tormented; let loathſom brimſtone fill the ſent, and let the fleſh (that before embracing and embraced vain wanton touches) be food, ſtubble, fuel, to a never quenched fire, within, without, every way, in body, ſoul and conſcience; Let vanity kindle thoſe flames which are eaſeleſs, endleſs, remedileſs, *Sit mors ipſa immortalis.* Had we now a glimpſe of thoſe miſe-

miſeries, and did but hear the unceſſant groans of thoſe dying ones, and had but the leaſt ſenſe of thoſe torments for a moment, we ſhould ſoon gueſs what it were to live with everlaſting burnings; the thoughts of which would ſtrike a divorce 'twixt us and our moſt beloved ſins, which are hells fuel, (as one calls them) that like *Sampſons* foxes carry fire in the tail of it. O forlorn and miſerable wretch, to receive this fearful and irrecoverable ſentence, when not onely devils, but Saints and Angels ſhall plead againſt thee, and thy ſelf (maugre thy ſelf) be thy ſharpeſt appeacher! What wilt thou do in theſe dreadful exigents, when thou ſhalt ſee the gaſtly dungeon and huge gulf of Hell, (*Ætna*-like) breaking out with moſt fearful flames, (yet perpetual darkneſs) when thou ſhalt ſee the weeping and gnaſhing of teeth, the rage of theſe helliſh monſters, the horror of the place, the rigor of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of all theſe puniſhments: where the fire is unquenchable, and the pains unſupportable; (our fires here may be endured, that is intollerable; ours are

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for comfort, that for torment; ours must be fed or will go out, that burns continually without feeding; ours gives light, that none; ours consumes the matter and ends the pain, that torments but never consumes, to make the pain perpetual.) There idle persons shall be prickt with burning forks, gluttons tormented with grievous hunger, epicures, and voluptuous persons boyl in burning pitch and stinking brimstone; the proud shall have shame, and the covetous miserable penury; then thou wilt be convinc't to believe what before thou wouldst never credit, that there is a Hell for sinners, as well as an Earth for men; a firmament for stars, a Heaven for Saints, and a God in heaven. Then thou wilt wish (if wishing would do it) that thou hadst been created a loathsome toad, that thy miseries might have closed up with thy life, rather then to be dying perpetually and never dye; for when thou hast languisht in unexpressible agonies, tortures, gnashings and horrid howlings ten thousand millions of years, thou shalt not reach a conclusion. 'Tis a sad (but certain) truth, that the damned in hell, after ten thousand thousand millions of ages they

they have ſuffered ſuch torments, as none but one of thoſe miſerable tortur'd wretches are able to expreſs, ſhall be as far from an end as they were at the beginning: That adjunct Eternal intimates ſuch infiniteneſs, as neither thought can attract, or ſuppoſition apprehend. (And further to amplifie it with the words of a worthy Authour) Though all the men that ever have or ſhall be created, were *Briarius*-like, hundred handed, and ſhould all at once take pens in their hundred hands, and ſhould do nothing elſe in ten thouſand millions of years but ſum up in figures as many hundred thouſands as they could, yet never could they reduce to a total, or confine within number this triſyllable word ETERNALL. The darkeſt dungeon of hell ſhall be the reprobates everlaſting Goal; as the chains ſhall never be looſened or fil'd off, ſo neither ſhall they change their doleful habitation, but the ſame priſon and wrack, the ſame place as well as degrees of torment ſhall ſhackle them to all eternity, they ſhall not change their *Tophet*, nor alter their bed of flames. The bodies of the damned (thoſe deform'd cages of more deform'd ſouls)

ſouls) ſhall never be bleſt with a diſſolution. Divine wrath ſhall make the bodies of the reprobate like thoſe ſtones which Naturaliſts ſpeak of, that alwayes burn; they ſhall be butts for the arrows of Gods diſpleaſure everlaſtingly to ſhoot at; the ſmoak of the lake ſhall not ſmother them, nor the flames of hell conſume them, nor the leaſt member twin'd into cinders by everlaſting burnings. Their ſouls wax old, but never dye, yet perpetually dying, there they burn without conſuming, there they mourn without compaſſion; here are torments without end, and beyond imagination; here fearful *Dives* that denied *Lazarus* a bit of bread, now begs a drop of water, (which is denied him) when whole rivers are not ſufficient to extinguiſh his heat. Mercy ſmiles not on theſe diſmal Manſions, the damned finde there's a God to puniſh, (that will ſee execution everlaſtingly performed) but none to pity or eaſe thoſe executions. O the miſery of the damned, how intollerable, how intollerable, how incomprehenſible, how unmeaſurable! Who can tell how hot Gods wrath is, when turn'd into a flame, or can any weigh the torments of the damned

damned, to ſay they riſe to ſuch a height? As they are unſupportable, ſo they ſhall be innumerable and inconceivable: God will then draw his arrow to the head, and ſcrew his wrath to an unconfin'd degree. What ſhall limit, or be a bank to the inundations of Gods everlaſting diſpleaſure? Who knows how many drams of poiſon God will put into the cup of trembling, which the wicked muſt be drinking of for evermore. But not to undertake to expreſs thoſe inexpreſſible miſeries, or to be endleſs in this endleſs Subject, Ile leave theſe tortur'd wretches in the embraces of eternal flames, (wiſhing my ſelf nor Readers may ever give a *probatum eſt* to thoſe torments) and return to the Bar, and obſerve the ſentence, not of malediction, but abſolution; not a go, but come; not curſed, but bleſſed, and poſſeſs the Kingdom: and now thoſe Saints which before ſaw but in part, and knew but in part, ſhall ſee and know God, and be known of him; when faith ſhall be turned into viſion, and hope into fruition. *Auguſtine* wiſht he might have ſeen three things before he died, *Rome* in its glory, *Paul* in the Pulpit, and Chriſt in the fleſh: the Saints ſhall ſee

a better ſight, they ſhall not ſee *Rome*, but heaven in its glory; they ſhall ſee not *Paul* in the Pulpit, but on the Throne, and ſhall ſit with him; they ſhall ſee Chriſts fleſh not vail'd with diſgrace, but in its ſpiritual embroidery, (as one hath it) not a crucified but a glorified body: *They ſhall ſee the King in his beauty*, Iſa. 33. 17. They ſhall know what thoſe unſeen things are, what thoſe fruitions of glory, which free grace hath ſtretcht out to eternity, that unſhaken and unſhaking crown; what that everlaſting joy they ſhall there partake of, that unfading happineſs they are to flouriſh in to all eternity; that eternal houſe, for the ſecurity of it, [2 *Cor.* 5. 1.] the eternal glory, for the renown of it, [2 *Tim.* 2. 10.] that eternal inheritance, for the riches of it, [*Heb.* 9. 15.] that eternal redemption, for the love of it, [*Heb.* 9. 12.] that eternal ſalvation, for the ſeaſonableneſs of it, [*Heb.* 5. 9.] thoſe glorious beatitudes which are reſerv'd for believers entertainment, which ſhall never receive either damp or death, thoſe rivers of pleaſure that run at Gods right hand for evermore; they ſhall to their everlaſting comfort finde that no ſorrow

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or benight heaven, no grief ſhall thruſt into the Brides chamber, nor ſhall any trouble overſhadow the everlaſting feſtival of the glorified ones; they ſhall weep no more, (as one excellently hath it) unleſs it be for joy that they ſhall weep no more for grief: all cauſe of grief is far remov'd from that preſence, they that enjoy it, enjoy with it an abſolute enfranchizement from all incumbrances and inconveniences. They are free from want, and free from war, and free from death, and free from devils; they are free from want, they can want nothing there, except it be want it ſelf; they may finde the want of evil, but never feel the evil of want. God is good, and no want of good can be in God; and what want can be endured in the preſence of God, where no evil is, but all good; nor are they free from want onely, but wars too, with all the miſchiefs that are concommitant, and all the miſeries that are conſequent. The Kingdom of glory can never be turn'd into an *Aceldema*, no forreign enemy can invade it, nor home-bred enemy infeſt the happineſs of it. *Moſes* and *Aaron* ſhall never be confronted there by any gain-ſaying *Corahs*,

or mutinous *Abirams*, or complying *Dathans*, or any of their confederates. King *David* ſhall there be free from the pride of all ambitious *Abſolons*, from the preſumption of all ſeditious *Sheba's*, and from the wicked counſels of all contriving *Achitophels*; no curſing *Shimeis*, nor railing *Rabſhekah's* ſhall come there to belch infectious gorges forth to poiſon the hearts of any ſubjects in that Kingdom of glory. No Polubragmatical Machiavilians nor crafty Boutefews ſhall interrupt that Kingdoms endleſs peace. No bold *Sejanus* can inſinuate into that glorious preſence to corrupt it. No male-contented *Cataline* can lurk there, either to traduce the glorious Majeſty of the King of kings, or to ſeduce inferiour Officers. Nor is there any warlike Ammunition magazin'd there. No Civil Warrings can deſtroy that glorious Kingdome; nor can any factious Jarrings deface or blemiſh that glorious Church. No new-fangled Athenians, nor Schiſmatical Corinthians can diſturb the unity, or deſtroy the uniformity of that Church. No over-maſtering Pope, nor undermining Jeſuit; no new Church-making Familiſt, nor no Church-making Atheiſt

Atheiſt can gain ſuch favour, or get ſuch footing there, as to eject the ſettled Saints and work the ruine of all the Church. No ravenous Wolves in ſheeps clothing can creep by any Poſtern-gates into that fold, to flea or fleece the flock, and miſtake, feeding on them for feeding of them. Nothing that worketh any abomination can come there, and therefore every thing that tendeth towards the grand abomination of deſolation muſt needs be for ever excluded thence; the glory of all there muſt laſt for ever, and all in that glory muſt live for ever, being free from ſin, they ſhall be from death; from death ſpiritual in it, from death temporal by it, and from death eternal for it; that preſence of the ever-living God doth ſet them free from all for ever; there is no dying, they that are there, are ſure to live for ever; the glorified Saints ſhall never be reduc't to a nullity; thoſe crowned perſonages ſhall not be folded up in a confuſed Chaos, death has no power here, they are free from the ſting of death, and from the ſtroke; free from all tendencies unto death, and from all fears of dying. Now who would not gladly live in ſuch a privi-

ledg'd place, where that boldeſt Sergeant Death, cannot come to arreſt. Such is the ſanctuary of Gods glorious preſence, that's free from all kindes of death, and free from unkinde Devils too, from Devils infernal, and Devils incarnate too.

No evil Angels can aſcend from the bottomleſs pit into the preſence, to tempt any there to ſin, nor helliſh Furies to torment for ſinning in times paſt. No devil of the lower hell nor any of this wicked world above it, can finde any entrance thither. There is indeed free quarter for Saints, but none for ſinners; the Freemen of that City, and all the Denizons of that Kingdom, are alwayes freed from all unwelcome troubleſome intruders; the ſpirit of ſtrife and debate can never thruſt the Devils myſterious cloven foot into that preſence to ſet Diviſions, to cauſe Diſtractions, to bring Deſtruction. No carnal pride can ever beget fond faſhioniſts in the ſtreets of that moſt holy City; nor ſpiritual pride breed up fantaſtical Factioniſts in thoſe Manſions. No hideous blaſphemies, nor filthy obſcenities, nor thumping oaths, nor helliſh curſings, nor peeviſh cenſurings, are uſed by any

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in that preſence; all profane and black-mouth'd monſters of men are exiled for ever from that ſociety of Saints; and ſo are all inſinuating Sycophants and falſe-hearted Phariſees: that place ſhall be free from all evil, or tending to it; no evil company, no evil by company, no company of evil; no devils, nor bedevil'd men, no tempters, no tormentors, nor any other Infernals; no devils incarnate, either white or black; no kinde of death, either temporal or eternal; no kinde of wars, no kinde of woes, no kinde of ſufferings: ſurely they muſt needs be happy that are in ſuch a caſe.

Yet let me tell you that it is not the abſence of evil alone that can make a man truly and fully happy, it may cauſe ſome joy, but not the fulneſs of joy, till the affluence of all good things be enjoyed with it. Now in the glorious preſence of God, there is not onely the abſence of all evil, but the preſence of all good: All things that are deſirable are there, and all things there are deſirable; there are profitable pleaſures and pleaſurable profits; things inconſiſtent here, are all coincident there; thoſe gifts that go not here together, are

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all united there; those comforts which are divided here in several streams, do meet all there as in their fountain (or rather in the ocean.) No one here may look to enjoy all good things, but all there do ever so.

There are the precious Merchandices of all Cities, for that's the City of all precious Merchandices; there are the true Delights of all Countreyes, for that's the true Countrey of all Delights. There are all the real Honours of the Court that can never be lost, and that's the right Court of Honour that can never be put down. There are all the true pleasures of Paradice, for that's the true Paradise of all pleasures. What does any of your souls take most delight in? what do you most of all desire? there you may have it in the fullest measure, and there enjoy it in the finest manner.

There is to satisfie all desires; do you desire or delight in Gold, or precious Stones, or costly Gems, or stately Palaces, there's a City of pure Gold, clear as Crystal, walled, and gated, and garnished with Jaspers and Saphirs, and all sorts of Pearles and precious stones, as St. *John* describes it, *Rev.*21. 18. Or

Or do you delight in glorious triumphs and pompous ſhews, there are triumphs everlaſting, and the glory of all Nations ſhall flow into that City in triumphant manner, *Rev.* 21. 26. Or do you delight (as *Maſſiniſſa*, and *Diocleſian* did) in curious Gardens, in fruitful Orchards, in healthful Walks, in pleaſant Fountains; there is the Celeſtial Paradice, wherein the moſt curious and nice, had he a hundred times as many eyes as *Argus*, might employ them all at once with various curioſities, and tranſcendent rarities. All thoſe admir'd Gardens of *Adonis*, and *Alcinous* of *Po.* and *Tantalus*, and the *Heſperides* could never boaſt (no not in any fiction of the Poets) of ſuch a living Fountain, as that which floweth in the middle of this Garden of Heaven, and affords the water of life; nor yet of ſuch a tree as that of life, which bears twelve kindes of fruits, and brings forth every moneth, as St. *John* expreſſes, *Rev.* 22. 1.

Or do you delight in, or deſire peace, there can you never want it; that new *Jeruſalem* is the true *Jeruſalem*, the bliſsful viſion of Peace, a City at Peace, and unity in it ſelf. There endleſs triumphs of peace

peace are ſolemnized by all the Citizens; that's the place of peace, there's the Prince of peace, the Authour of peace, the Maker, the Creatour of it. There's the full enjoyment of that mother bleſſing, and all other bleſſings with it, the true God of peace is there, and the true peace of God which paſſeth all underſtanding. Or do you deſire truth with peace, there are both together; the God of peace is the God of truth, and the truth of God is there revealed fully; the true worſhip of the moſt holy God is there eſtabliſhed, and the true God is worſhipped there in the beauty of holineſs. Or do you delight in the melody of curious muſick, there are ſoul-raviſhing Anthems chanted and warbled by the ſweeteſt of all the heavenly Quire in that mother Church, that glorious Temple, Chriſts Church Triumphant. Or do you delight in eaſe and reſt from weariſome labours, there the true Chriſtian Sabbath is kept holy, whereof our Sunday Sabbath is but an adumbration, or preparatory Eve. *Jeruſalem* below hath ſix dayes for working, for one Sabbath day for reſt; but *Jeruſalem* above is free to ſanctifie an endleſs Sabbath,

bath, as free from labour as from ſin.

Or do you delight in the preſence of great Perſonages, there is the mighty and almighty Monarch of heaven and earth, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; and there is his ſecond ſelf, his onely begotten Son, the Son of his love, in whom he is well pleaſed, his right hand Favorite, his Chriſt our Lord and Jeſus in the height of his honour inveſted with power to unlock the Exchequer of his Fathers richeſt favours, with the key of his eternal merits, and to deal them forth in glory to thoſe that followed him in grace.

In a word, there are all ſorts of rich delights; that endleſs fountain can never be drawn dry, for there is all in all to draw them forth; there are ſoul-raviſhing joyes, and ſoul-admiring felicities, everlaſting joyes, (without any interrupted mutation) ſuch are thoſe divine Raptures, which ſhall flow from that communion they enjoy in that glorious preſence with unſpotted Angels, and glorified Saints. I ſhall ſhut np all in the words of the Apoſtle, [1 Cor. 2. 9.] *Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, or is it poſſible for the minde of man to conceive the glory that God hath laid up for them*

them that love him. It being beyond the power of Mortals to imagine the glory of that Kingdom, the brightneſs of that Diadem, and the ſplendour of that Crown, (which no hand of treaſon ſhall be ever able to take off the wearers head.) Having now brought this happy Pilgrim to the NEW JERUSALEM, where I leave him to take his fill of thoſe everlaſting pleaſures: To which place (through the merits of that all-ſufficient and ſatisfactory Redemption) may and my Readers in his good time arrive.

FINIS.